

Jacques Plante: How to watch the Stanley Cup  
Claude Ryan & Peter Newman: Quebec & Canada  
There is so a (gorgeous, sexy) life after thirty

MAY 1971

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



35¢

# Macleans



JOHN TURNER: The once and future contender

# Its mildness is no accident.



With Matinée,  
we take much care in selecting  
and blending the right  
tobacco leaves.

The leaves that can promise  
true mildness. Why?

Because there are a lot of people  
who think mildness makes more sense.  
Think about it.

## Matinée.

We make it mild  
on purpose.

# TRUE ECONOMY ISN'T MORE MILES TO THE GALLON. IT'S MORE YEARS TO THE CAR.

These days, a lot of people think the way to save a little money is to buy a small cheap car.

We agree. That is the way to save a little money.

To save a lot of money, buy a Volvo.

Volvos are built to last. While we can't guarantee how long, we do know Volvos hold up an average of eleven years in Sweden. So once you get your Volvo paid for, you should be able to hang on to it for a few years.

Then you can bank the money you'd normally spend on car payments. Not counting interest, that could be an easy \$10000 a year.

This is the basic difference between a Volvo and an economy car.

Economy cars are for people who are interested in economy. Volvos are for people who are interested in money.





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A legend in their own time

# Maclean's

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**There isn't any map  
for discovery.**

Discovery by definition has an element of surprise. It is a fresh way of seeing. Ed Hume saw in 1930 that Ontario's good geology wouldn't stop at a man-made border on a map of Quebec.

The results: Noranda Mines Ltd. is the major Canadian natural resource company.

**noranda**

Expand the horizons of Canada—through natural resources



THE VIEW FROM  
**OTTAWA**  
BY STEVEN LANGDON

For me, the Depression of the Thirties is a book-learned experience, a residue from 'Woody Guthrie songs and grandpare's' memories. I never saw the soup lines or feel the draper, so perhaps my standards of economic prosperity are too high, perhaps the unemployment of this past year is nothing to get worked up about.

But I doubt it. Between 6% and 7% of the labor force has been out of work for months now, when we add those in Manpower (training), it's possible, more than three quarters of a million Canadians haven't got jobs. A great many, almost half, are under 25—kids looking for something genuine to do after the years of schooling we've pressured them into, then tragedy is particularly grim. Meanwhile, this past winter the soup lines were back again, the welfare rolls multiplied, they seemed epidemic. Self-doubt spread among the unemployed, and insecurity grew for those (and they include university graduates) who fear they'll be tossed on the street per-

It's a better situation. And one of the men responsible for it is Edgar "Noy" Bannan, the Minister of Finance, at 47, the former Kingfisher chairman (accusations) is the man who directs the government's overall economic strategy.

The most important number of Pierre Trudeau's oeuvre, by virtue of both politics and temperament, is the number one. One is the number placed here at the portfolio charged with the fiscal decisions that determine not only the state of Canada's economy but the ideological orientation of the Trudeau administration. Compared with his predecessors — the grand-standing Walter Gordon and the suave Mitchell Sharp — Benson is very little known in or out of Ottawa and his background gives few hints of his approach to the sometimes easier than place Ottawa ministerial

When I went to interview Berson recently, in his plush corner office in the House of Commons, it was with the knowledge that this was a stimulus master. "Well," he says, when I ask if he'll concede the government was mistaken in its economic approach. "I don't think I'd go back and change our policy. We had no choice but to take the steps we did." That's the thrust of our discussion as we argue back and forth: low inflation: foots Berson, was worth high unemployment to get. "You can't just live with inflation," he insists. "A little inflation is like a little pregnancy."

The man's complacency, I find, is striking. The government's policy, he implies, was, and is, all for the best. "I have," he argues with some pride, "done better than the United States" — which is the only standard of comparison he feels will justify us in using. And when I question this, suggesting that the internal measure of unemployment in Canada is a more sensible standard of judgment, he insists politicians here have to have that economic arrowhead "After all," he tells

me, "if you take a look at the past 10 years the average rate of unemployment is 5%."

Brown's detached, reserved composure has no harder than the steady content of let us say, a Premier W. A. C. Bennett. Not that Brown is unworldly or deliberately hostile. Far from it. But his comfortable words suggest he's simply lost touch with how despairing and toxic life is for thousands of jobless families.

The transfer points to slightly increased unemployment benefits and to improvements in our welfare system. "People who are new out of work" he maintains, as if it occurred much of the increased joblessness, "are not as badly off as they were 10 or 15 years ago." But the claim seems mislead by the facts that these benefits are still grossly inadequate for urban centers, and that financial assistance can do nothing about the psychological devastation of prolonged unemployment or of long forced idleness.

While Benson's son, Robert, was heavily unemployed for a while, he was able to move his wife and daughter into his father's large Kingston home. That's an option that doesn't exist for the ordinary citizen. Perhaps the comforts of power have dulled his sense of human frailty; or perhaps his party is too tied to the status quo to provoke him into deep social concerns. Or something like that, for it's clear as we talk that the Minister of Finance is just too removed from the living, breathing human beings who comprise the public situation to access his account.

Perhaps the sense of relief from the less advantaged is also responsible for Benson's increasing caution and conservatism.



The Berman character. There's also a strong sense of power in the man as he intends double to emphasize a point. Because Berman controls and competences. His arguments are tightly or logically based and effectively articulated; there's no hesitating in finding the right sentence or example. And the rational lack of arrogance in his style tends, in his case, to reinforce his authority, not diminish it — as the fully logical Berman gets from his skill underlines. So much for the Dimsen myth: this Dimsen has been overtaken by his bureaucracy, that the top management's contemptuous attitude towards him is not just a belief in it, Berman's attitudes and policies are in fact by himself a capable, confident and considerable personality. All of which makes his isolation from social duties an even more powerful presence in the policy domain of the Truman administration.

We wrap up the interview. I ask Benson if he'll be around for a while, and he smiles. "Well," he says, pulling down his white and yellow pipe, "the Liberals will be in power for a long time. We'll certainly win the next election. So there's four more years." I lean with a certain decency, and not just because the man's comfortable self-assurance has surprised me. I lean more, but because — though it hurts to admit it — he is probably correct. ■

TWO  
DIFFERENT  
WORLDS:  
THE REAL  
ONE AND  
BEN  
BENSON'S

## THE VIEW FROM U.S. OF A: BY TOM BUTSON

Walking late fall along New York's 42nd Street — not vermined among the pornographic movie houses where they show films with such titles as *Mind On A Wheelbarrow*, but eastward toward Madison Avenue and Grand Central Station — you might have seen an interesting American political phenomenon.

On the sidewalk were tables filled with political literature. Attending the tables were nice-looking young men with longish hair, but not too longish, hair and nice-looking young women in minis, but not too minis, skirts. What was unusual about them was that they were selling support not for youth-culture heroes such as John Lindsay or Charles Goodrich, but instead for James Buckley, who is now, with a little help from the youngsters and some other friends, the Conservative-Republican Senator from New York.

President Richard Milhous Nixon, when he lived in New York, spent his family life far to the north of 42nd Street in the elegant palaces of Park and Fifth Avenues. His working days were spent far to the south in the law offices of the Wall Street area. But the lesson of Buckley's 42nd Street boys and girls has not been lost on Richard Nixon. He has his eye already on the 1972 presidential election, whereas for the first time all Americans over the age of 18 will get a vote.

Nixon won the presidency in 1968 by less than 1% of the 73 million votes cast and the addition of an estimated 12.8 million new voters, many of whom have been the most vocally scornful of the Nixon-Agnew team, presents at least a possibility that he will be a one-term President.

Go back to the 1968 decision. The electorate narrowly favored Nixon because he had a three-point program for improving the American way of life. He would end the war (remember the famous word: play?); He would end the galloping crime of inflation. He would heal the nation's internal strife (remember the famous "bring us together" slogan?); He would . . . (has he been?)

is trying to end the war. He known as well as anyone that it is young Americans, the new voters, who are most critically affected by his administration. But such blood-curdled advances as the affairs into Cambodia and Laos have more than countered any favorable publicity the Nixon administration has received as a result of smaller draft cuts and larger troop withdrawals.

Nixon has married tightly on rising prices, even to the extent of telling his friends the hard-but-constructive workers that they were too greedy. But to the idle workers of sweat factories in the west and to employed customers working hamburger at fast-food joints, his policies smack of Herbert Hoover.

Young and old are troubled more grievously than ever by the threat of civil disorder. Violent death is still a sometimes-prior for dinner on the college campus, whether in Ohio or Puerto Rico. City streets are still unsafe at any speed.

Thus, despite his good intentions, Nixon labors under an uncomfortable handicap. The Kent State generation — and a growing number of its elders — simply doesn't believe him. And if they do not trust Nixon, they trust even less Vice-President Spiro Agnew, who, when he is not moving down people on the golf course, is still going to become anyone who is long on hair and in his view, short on patriotism.

Nixon has other handicaps. The statistical odds are against him. Only three Presidents elected this century have been reelected to office for a second term. The polls are against him, too. George Gallup reports a slight but noticeable decline in Nixon's popularity. Louis Harris says that if Edmund S. Muskie is the Democratic candidate in 1972, presidentialism is that he will defeat Nixon currently his chief rival.

Of course, Muskie has yet to assure himself the nomination that short of his driving off a Martha's Vineyard dock, at the moment a razor's unlikely he can be denied it. The only possible opponent who could threaten Muskie's drive for the Democratic nomination is seemingly Republican Mayor John Lindsay of New York. At a meeting of big-city mayors in San Francisco the other day, Mayor Kevin White of Boston denouncing Mayor Lindsay said "Boston Democrats are talking about him as a Presidential candidate. We think he'll outlast parties and run." So whether the Democrats pick Muskie or Lindsay or someone else among the candidates, the road to a second term for Richard Nixon seems about as treacherous as the Blo Cha March Trail.

There is an old bromide that says in American elections Canada always "votes" Democratic. There might, indeed, be more popular enthusiasm in Canada for Muskie the neighbor from Maine than for Nixon, the friend of all those corporate giants so long vaunted by Michelle Williams, Walter Cronkite and the Toronto Star. But if

Nixon's economic policies have added to Canada's own unemployment and inflation squawks, there seems little reason to believe that a President Muskie would be able to do much to relieve them. After all, it was the Democratic administration of Lyndon Johnson that made the economic statistics for which we are now praying.

It is much more important, from a Canadian point of view, to know who is president of Standard Oil or who is president of General Motors, than to know who sits in the White House. Much as we may hate to admit it, the Canadian economy is already largely directed by United States executives. It is again likely if the subject is textbooks printed for an Ontario school or automobile accessories made for a Montreal-area assembly plant.

But there is still more than a year and a half until the election. Gallup and Harris say domestic new trends between now and then. Yet one trend might bear away if the classified advertisements at the back of such magazines as *The New Republic* and *The Saturday Evening Post* these days, there are plenty of solicitations for bumper stickers and buttons for McGovern and Muskie and Blyth in '72. Occasionally there are even ads for Reagan in '72. But there are no ads for Teddy Kennedy. Or for Richard Milhous Nixon. ■

## The longer the cigarette the smoother the smoke.

The longer the cigarette  
the smoother the smoke.

Benson & Hedges 100's

Now milder than ever  
and still the same price  
as ordinary kings.





PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSCOW ON ICE. LENS BY GARY/KEVIN KELLY

## Who would have thought of making a Vodka Martini in Moscow?

We would. Our Russian friends thought that the only way to enjoy Vodka was to take it straight. So we took Alberta Vodka, and a handful of North American Vodka masterpieces to Moscow. And one of the first drinks we mixed was an original, truly international meeting of the two cultures: the Moscow Martini.

First we poured one and one half parts of Alberta Vodka into a glass. A touch of vermouth and a dash of Angostura bitters, to make it drier than dry. And then we gave it to Boris. The result? Instant detente.

So it just goes to show... It takes more than a Russian sounding name to make a great International Vodka.

Just ask the Russians...

**Alberta Vodka**  
makes a великий® everything.

\*great



were a lot of pictures of Bobby Orr, especially action shots. This is surely a strong suggestion and I sure hope you do it.  
PATRICK MALL, HUNTINGTON, ALAB.  
Editor's note: Madden's published articles on Bobby Orr in February 1985 and February 1988. There will be more. And that's a promise.

### FRIEND OR FOE?

I do not know where Eric Lefebvre has mounted the statue whereby he attempts to demonstrate the unscientific nature of automobile exhaust gases — Why when men's hair grows it will be on (March). If all his information is as faulty as his statements on carrying carbon monoxide, then the validity of his views is open to serious question.

Carbon monoxide is a relatively unstable gas. Encyclopaedia Britannica states "It does not ordinarily occur in the atmosphere but is known to be present in volcanic gases." Cool gas contains 6% to 12% CO and it is readily detected in the exhaust of motorcars. At low concentrations (as 9.4%) it is a dangerous and 0.4% is surely always fatal in 30 minutes. The density of CO is 0.96. Thus, in confined spaces such as downtown city streets it tends to accumulate.

EDWARD V. SCHEFFELBERG, DONALD, QUE.

To be concerned with Eric Lefebvre's drags, means several and third base throws would be the doctor and the mortician.  
WIS OF PHILIP, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

What we have is a situation that cannot continue indefinitely without shaking our ethics to death. We must abandon private notions of what a "handy" to individuals and adopt an attitude of sharing more of the things we value, such as time and competence, and valuing more the things we share, such as ethics. It is people like who we must adapt our ethics, not cars.  
TIMOTHY NEWELL, TORONTO

### FOR WRESTLERS ONLY

In your article *Poor Sport* (March) you published the statement "The Ontario Federation of School Athletic Associations, for instance, stipulates that an athlete's hair must not be longer in the back than one inch below the base of the skull and sideburns must stop at the earlobe." This was not so. In all 17 sports conducted by OFSAA, the hair and regulation of the sports governing body concerned are allowed — is basketball those of the Canadian Amateur Basketball As-

sociation, in volleyball those of the Canadian Volleyball Association, etc. In one sport only, wrestling, is there reference to hair and sideburns. My follow in this sport the rules of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) because these rules are drawn up by individuals in the educational field.

A. J. B. STATE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE ONTARIO FEDERATION OF SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS, TORONTO

In these days of government-sponsored sport, Canada lags behind. And while many of its old-timers may still hold the amateur rules that are attached to a loving past, it does Canada little good to be better — especially in hockey, which is its national sport — and then evade the defeat with a plea that the opponents were not amateurs.

JOHN B. WOODWARD, CHICAGO

I was reminded twice in your Canada's Best Five Sport that was coached by Chuck Selkowitz. This is completely untrue. I was never coached by Selkowitz. My coach and the only coach I had in Saskatchewan was Frank Saus, who was then and is still the physical education director at the Saskatchewan YMCA. Since, not Selkowitz, is the coach to whom I credit all my success as a champion jumper.

RONALD HENRIKSEN, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.

### DEAR MORDECAI

It is most obvious that Mordecai Richler conducted his whirlwind tour of the West with classical aplomb and grace — *Endless Endless The Man From St. Urbain Discovers The West* (March). Good sense would have dictated that he close his mouth, too.  
M. D. BROWN, LINDSEY PARK, ALTA.

Not just another article but another article by our own Mordecai Richler. Shelby Flabby Quare fired around the syntactic. All ink and no style. No color. No touch. No nothing. Try to write of the narrow-gauge novelist. Big deal.  
BRIAN JAMES MORTIMER

An open letter to the President of the Ontario Federation of Mordecai Richler: I give you credit for one thing — that active. But surely you don't expect to get away with it. Too many Canadians have heard of Mordecai Richler's work, and you must have known that none of them would believe for one minute that *Endless Endless* was written by the same man. Now please don't be offended — it was a good thought. The past thought you might be interested in hearing how you were wrong.

It is obvious that you aren't a Can-

dia. Oh yes, it passed that right before the beginning. You tell about leaving England for Toronto, spending the winter there, and that concerning your trip west. Now, if you'd been smart, you'd have spent a little longer in Toronto — you know, to get the feel of the place. Maybe stayed in a motel, bought a paperback in the bookstore — things like that. Yes, Kim, ahead you really goofed when you tried to write about the West without realizing that almost everything you say, except maybe that bit about the big sky and the mountains, could have been said in Ontario.

I happen to know that Richter has done quite a bit of traveling in other countries. When I combined the knowledge with the fact that all well-travelled persons know that you can't write anything sensible about a few hours in each place, I knew at once that you were an impostor. The real Mordock Richter would soon be fact-finding parks of Member of Parliament who was in countries in eight days and return solemnly announcing themselves to be in possession of the real truth.

I was sorry you didn't like the Banff Springs Hotel — and this was another clue to your foreign attitude. Now, finally, a Canadian would have known that March was hardly likely to be a jumping month in Banff, and, secondly all Canadians know that the Springs is a "movement to 19th century pretensions." This is the key to its appeal. You write as if you are making some sort of expert, and the well-read Mordock Richter would have known better.

Oh yes, I must mention Brandon. The real Mordock Richter would never have misinterpreted everything the way you do. You talk of the trouble-fornal residents who, having gone out to see the world, return to Brandon. You mention that they read the London Observer and the New Westminister. Truly amazing in a town which, you claim to imply, supplies its citizens with an exclusive literary diet of Turgenev books! The point you seem to have missed entirely is the significant fact that they do return here, because well-travelled people come back to Brandon. Why? Quite obviously they prefer to live there rather than in the large cities in which most of us are forced to seek our living. You seem miserably unaware of the fact that most people migrate toward such places as Toronto and Montreal for one reason only — economic upward mobility. I have yet to meet anyone who moved to Toronto in order to enjoy its supposed beauty as an cultural life. After all, if people's choice of

location were dependent on such criteria as those Turgenev would set as the reason in a popularity contest among the great cities of the world.

I have tried to point out some of the little mistakes, the understandable slips, which reveal that Canada is a foreign land to you but there is more — an underlying attitude, a state of mind, that convinced me that Mordock Richter could not have written the article. Richter, you see, is an artist; his perception of human behavior and motivation is more penetrating than that of the ordinary mortal. The one critic in every schoolboy knows that he would-gladly be more of a few steps ahead of the rest of us if he is to illuminate our paths in the light of his knowledge. It becomes absurdly clear that you are not an artist at all, much less Mordock Richter, for your little pretense in the article is if anything demotivational. Perhaps people used to dream of a future in which they would flock to the new and golden cities of the North as they now do California — has any more. And early one time in 1971 still thinks that Canada can remain in magnificent isolation, ecologically speaking, and hold the world to ransom for our sophisticated water? Come now, Mr. Whorpe-You-see, do you really think we want the unpopulated, crime-ridden cities of California duplicated here?

I haven't managed to figure out just where you are from, but I hope you're still in Canada for a while. If you do, you'll learn that most major Canadian cities who move west say come relatively thickly to articles like yours but don't like long to become vociferously enthusiastic. You'll learn that a steady stream of immigrants from various lands of nowhere — southern Europe, Latin America and the Caribbean, as well as the U.S.A. — is continuously knocking up the doors of this cold country of ours, asking only the opportunity to "redeem" with us. You'll learn that Miss Gingers, which apparently you had never encountered before, has been a North American model for phenomena for years and years. You'll also learn that if you do not put a quarter in the slot, they won't bother you.

R. M. COOPER, BIRMINGHAM

## CORRECTION WHERE IT'S DUE

In your Canada Report Good News (February), you mention a new newspaper (journalist for the correction of special interests. You are to be commended for recognizing the potential of this new phenomenon. Unfortunately, however, you got it cold to the wrong hospital. The procedure was

developed by Dr. E. H. Simmons, who is a member of the staff of the Toronto East General and Outpatient Hospital, not the Toronto General Hospital.

F. A. WILKINSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, TORONTO EAST GENERAL AND OUTPATIENT HOSPITAL

## DEFINING TRUDEAUMANIA

The naive and uninformed still believe that the word Trudeauism describes an enthusiasm for the Prime Minister's charisma. The notion of the man behind the mask is now being revealed, however, and Trudeauism has a new meaning. The government's obsession with the problem of inflation rather than the welfare of human beings — that's Trudeauism. To state, as Trudeau does, that the little guy gets hurt most by inflation and to do nothing directly to help him is hypocrisy.

DONALD HENRY, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

## ANTI-WASPISM

Thank you for publishing George Woodcock's essay on the currently fashionable abuse of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, or WASP — I'm a Wimp (What manner do you belong to) (February). His remarks were clever, pedantic, and genuine. Nevertheless, it seems to me he failed to get to the heart of the matter. The fact is anti-WASPism is the sublimation of the left-liberal/radical intellectual. The redundancy of the adjective WASP (there are no non-white Anglo-Saxons) is already a ridiculous insult, and wasp is a nasty little beast whose invariable nature it is thoughtfully, reactively, to sting passively any other creature unfortunate enough to get in its way. The intended implication of WASP are perfectly clear: a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant is a human person whose moderate and acceptable nature it is to reflect undesired human or anti-WASPish. The anti-WASP left-liberal/radical intellectual is in such a bind to say Nice ever was. As widening as this conclusion is, it ought to be astounding only to those naive souls who cannot bring themselves to acknowledge that something like the doctrine of original sin (possibly demagogued) is probably true.

D. B. YOUNG, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

## CORRECTION

The April issue of Madstock's comment on article needed And That There Was None, by Jan Ruddy. In fact the article did have a credit line by Jan Ruddy and David Ruddy. Mr. Ruddy, a novelist, completed the research for the article.

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## Something we've been saving for the light drinker.

Today's light drinkers have rituals of their own. They like moderation and informality—and the kind of light, mellow rye that goes with them. Taste isn't what they used to be. But, unfortunately, most Canadian whiskeys still are.

But not Triple Crown. Taste it. You'll be surprised. It tastes like you've always wanted a rye to taste.

Triple Crown is made for you by the Black Velvet Canadian Whisky Company—a division of Gilbey Canada Limited.



## Triple Crown.

# Turner: the once and future contender



Whatever John wants, John usually gets. John wanted the job of prime minister and didn't get it. John still wants it. The question is: Will John get it? Could be, baby.

For devoted politician watchers—those of us who areavid voyagers at the keyholes of power—probably the most fascinating aspect of Pierre Trudeau's method of governing Canada is the very neatly total control he exercises over the Liberal Party.

One clear measure of that control is a catalogue of what's happened to the men who only three years ago last month were Trudeau's opponents in the race for the Liberal leadership: Robert Winters is dead, having given up politics forever on the day that he was beaten, Paul Hellyer is a state backbencher whose resignation as Deputy Prime Minister was scarcely a shiver of concern, Eric Kermans, Joe Grout and Allan MacEachern are quiescent

prayer councilors, part of that faceless pack who thrump their desks when the Leader raises his hand, and Paul Martin has disappeared, prey-hunted, into the anomalous limbo of the Senate.

In fact, of the seven vanquished contenders who stood shouting hoarsely behind Trudeau on the platform that night when he was anointed in 1968, only one is still human, still shouting—and still a man to be reckoned with on his own rather than on Trudeau's terms.

He's John Napier Turner, the Minister of Justice and Attorney General of Canada, certainly the most personable and probably the most visible of the Trudeau cabinet ministers. Through a combination of farious activity and

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN

positions more, Turner has managed, in the years since his defeat at the convention, to celebrate his old cause as a party-line celebrity — the serious thing on the squabbling courts, the hardheaded man at the bid — by turning his trademark self-perfume into a place to take a tough stand.

When he went into Justice in the summer of 1968, Turner was determined to function not as the government's legal counsel but as a zealous and genuine reformer of the law. To the incredulity of those who used to say he was nothing but a lightweight, he has already proven so successful at this task that within the legal profession, among even all political persuasions, he is being called the best Minister of Justice since Cartier.

For a start, he has occupied the old post-humane spaces of appointing judges by smothering them all the time he elevates. To the bench he has qualified lawyers available, he has set up a complicated system for refereeing and reviewing the law on a continuing basis, and attracted to this task a number of supreme legal experts whom he calls "young tigers, guys between 35 and 39, who are old enough to have made their mark and young enough to still have pace." He has already steered through the House, or has ready for introduction, several solidly progressive bills — on such contentious issues as bail and arrest, experimentation, misapprehension, non-violent convictions, legal aid — the main thrust of which is to balance citizens' rights against those of the state. In his frequent public speeches, he is prone to quoting such remarks as Oliver Goldsmith's "Laws grind the poor, and rich men call the law" and to pleading, by implication, anyway, that he, John Turner, young tiger, is out to reform the ancient inequity.

Turner's critics — and it's perhaps a mark of his political importance that he has so many — are saying that his new liberal-reformer stance is just another phase in a long drive to become prime minister. "I tell you," an Ottawa Liberal told me recently, "this guy has been programmed to be PM since he was 13. If he figures the smart politics of the moment calls for a reformer, that's a defender who he'll be. I once said to him that people would like him better if he'd only be more spontaneous and be looked through at with those blazing baby-blue and I got the feeling he was going to punch out 'Be More Spontaneous' on a piece of cardboard and feed it into a slot in his gorgeous middle."

**T**he justice minister responds to questions about his long-term future with a caveat, "I intend to stay in politics as long as it's challenging. Because when it's challenging, it's interesting" and the note among his supporters point out that in the Trudeau-dominated Liberal Party, the subtle academic question is irrelevant. Jerry Goldstein, a Toronto lawyer who used to be Turner's exclusive mentor, responds to it softly with "Look, if you say after Trudeau it will be Turner, what does the man? Trudeau has everything as Prime Minister — power, privacy, accessibility to the greatest mind in the world. Why would he want to give it up? And when he does pass it up, the whole game would be different. Turner might then be a guy all alone in a boardroom, for all we know."

Still, in the past few months in Ottawa — during the winter of the War Measures Act and the Montreal probe, the liberalist obsessions and the seasonally admitted incoherence — when a began to hear a few Trudeau-type home-burner fallings after all, there was a good deal of get-to-the-table talk about alternatives, more flexible approaches, different men with different ideas. In those conversations, Turner's name and Turner's abilities came up more frequently than anyone else's.

But Turner and his progress has been evident ever since he took over from his Ministerial law professor to enter active politics in the "discontent candidate"



Gellits Turner, here with her husband at a memorial to a woman who says what she thinks, and studies police service for Pierre Laporte, is that rare political wife, ticked off enough to know what she is saying.

in the general election of 1968. At the time he was described jealously by his political foes as "the young pol every old pol would like to be" — the man who had everything. And still he has. Superb good looks. Henry VIII. An impressive academic record. The Canadian championship in the 100 yard dash. Vast political experience. A rich and pretty wife. Handsome children. Pleasant French.

After years of being with — and living down — the messy-style substance charges that the law well endowed make about him, Turner is wary of any probing of his perfection. "Let's talk reform," he says amiably. "Let's talk legal reform. And then, almost begrudgingly, 'All that when-

spire stuff has always seemed to me to be a journalistic conceit. I've worked hard all my life for everything I've got. It's been a groove but it hasn't been easy. You know what I mean?"

(Turner has two ways of talking. A precise officialness that turns up in his speeches. And a glib, slippy talk-at that he uses in confidential conversations. He moves from one to the other with a facility that betrays his lateness baggage. One minute he's sitting stiff as a marmalade, in a dark-blue suit, discussing "a delinquent period when what could be avoided at all costs is any attack on the forces" and the next minute he's waving his long arm and

crooking his bright eyes and taking like a ski pro.)

Turner's childhood was privileged, though not exactly in the way that the mythmakers would have it. His mother was a graduate of Bryn Mawr, an important governmental economist and a familiar of the Ottawa Establishment in the Thetons and Forties. But she was also a nurse's daughter and a widow, bringing up two young children on a civil servant's salary. (Turner's father, an English journalist who wrote for Punch, died in 1931.)

"What my mother was able to give me," he says, "was a good education [at St. Patrick's College and Ashbury College, an Ottawa private school] and a real sense of the excitement of public service." When Turner was a pre-adolescent during the war, he used to wake up in bed at midnight and hear men like C. D. Howe, Robert Fowler and Donald Gordon arguing economic policy in the living room and sometimes, when he was not waiting for his dog in the twilight, he would be joined by Mackenzie King ("No pull! In the field!").

His mother was a formally intelligent and ambitious woman. ("Son of early Wiener's Les," says Turner wistfully. "You do?") She demanded excellence of her son and an excellence is what she got. By the time she remarried in 1945 and moved on to become a powerful figure in BC utility as the wife of the Vancouver industrialist Frank Brown, Turner was 16 and ready to enter university. He spent four formative years at UBC as a first man, track and field star, sports writer, pre-thinker, bop-act ("Hey there, sexy girl all kinds, who ya interestin' tonight?") and student in political science. When he won a Rhodes scholarship in 1949, the student newspaper wrote warmly on his way with an editorial that said he'd been "the most popular student on the campus."

At Oxford, he studied jurisprudence and civil law, and years later a fellow student remembered, "He always seemed to be filled with some kind of terrible dread of not making it, of doing or saying the wrong thing. He'd turn up in my room for lunch every month or so and we'd spend a couple of aimless hours together. But after he went into public life, I tried to stop what he'd said or what he stood for then — and it might have been anything for all I could remember, plus-forget-forget! or graphology, or ball-bounce-say-it-Canis. He just wouldn't say anything he figured would offend."

**F**rom Oxford, Turner went on to the Sorbonne in Paris, where he became fluent in French and then came back to Canada to practice law in Montreal. For most of the next decade, he was the very model of a socially adaptable hustler, taking on the greatest gifts, making for the day cultural and charitable causes, belonging to the Junior Bar and giving himself into the headlines in 1956 as the man who dated with Frances Margaret at a ball given in her honor by her stepfather, who was then Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. For the next 15 months, British and Canadian papers read hard to turn him on and, he had sometimes, repeating this. Margaret had "sundered Turner's icy table" at later parties on her Canadian tour, that he was "a secret caller at Clarence House" and even that he was the subject of "formal discussions with the Queen."

He was the only non-official Canadian guest invited to her wedding in 1960 and the whole during speech, which Turner summarizes as "a lotta fun, good time on occasion when he went to Liberal gatherings in Kingston later that year and in Ottawa in 1961.

Shortly afterwards, he was persuaded to attend as a candidate in the Montreal St. Lawrence St. George riding "during one long lunch at the Reform Club" as John Payne, a Montreal public relations consultant and Turner's ex-girlfriend, tells of in the 1962 campaign he took the story from the newspaper Conservative Tegan. / continued on page 24

# There is so a (gorgeous, sexy) life after thirty

"When a woman over 30 can have a complexion this soft, she deserves a tropical cruise."

The radio noise cooed up and over the sound of waves lapping a tropical beach. The merriment of the cruise-watching onlookers were muted; the broad nose piqued. Above that the occasional snatched everything. I darted in Canadian attention toward beauty and aging. I nevertheless made for the mirror. Was my face, I wondered, the stuff of which sunny days and balmy nights were made?

I have two advantages over women tantalized by such advertising. At the stripping age of 29 and now tenets my complexion has set to totally collapse, and as a fashion and beauty columnist I have access to more information. Still, I yielded to a telephone of conditioning, succumbed to the effects of millions of advertising dollars, surrendered to the social obsession about youth. I looked in the mirror and I worried.

I worried about a little wrinkle. And that little wrinkle creased up, placed into an instant analysis of my life. The whole number fudge there in front of a bad bathroom mirror under a harsh bathroom light. I dipped into every possibility of my mind labeled "imagination." No tropical cruise-waiter! It is not to be a Grade-A, first-class, super-duper worry-welcome!

Dressed never to primary  
Chances would I ever get it  
paid off? Mea did I like them  
enough or too much? Waitline... I'd  
never get two halves off. Work... do  
they really like me? Trust... I know  
I'll go to jail. Hair... I'll never get it  
all one length. Car... dead battery,  
it'll never run again. Age... o-oh!

I'm nearly 30!  
On a super-duper worry-welcome I  
went drug out my Red-Dress-to-Kiss  
young old age. I know. Soonest  
Maugham said it first, but I really see  
myself with a more realistic and a  
one way ticket to nowhere. (Maybe I  
should sign up for a retirement  
savings plan before it's too late.) And all  
this because at a vulnerable moment a  
small little radio advertisement trip-

pled in me an all-but dissolved fear.  
The fear of aging is a fear often  
more terrifying in our youthfulness  
world than the fear of death itself.  
To many women it represents not so  
much the loss of beauty or even the  
approach of death. I believe the tradi-  
tionally male-dominated woman (pos-  
sibly rescued) often coping with  
things accomplished in life, and  
with the potential loss of the one per-  
son through whom she can relate —  
her man. She snuggles him with her  
youth and vitality. With what can she  
hold him?

At 28 I reached the age of 30 —  
the age when everything comes  
together. And the rest was easier. At  
thirty, at whatever age it happens  
in anybody attaining the age of 30.  
And with reason life, however chaotic,  
seems to assume a working order  
and serenity. Personality is formed,  
ambitions and ambitions are determined  
(not yet realized), habits developed  
and becoming 30 is a personal  
"coming to grips." Younger, I lived  
my own personality. I wanted to be  
more disciplined, controlled, serene.  
At 30 I realize that I am normal and  
unrestrained and disciplined... to me.  
At a too-age, I was always lonely,  
but growing into my twenties, I de-  
cided to be a conditioned loneliness.  
("Women are warm, friendly, gentle,  
forgiving, social creatures... why  
aren't I?") At 30, I'm simply alone,  
like being alone, and know it has  
nothing to do with me-the-woman.

Being 30 to me, is the growing  
wishes to lose a little of yourself as  
possible. It's marginal decisions lim-  
ited with a splash of pragmatism.  
For every answer, there will be an  
upper. It's knowing, once in the midst  
of a king-size worry-welcome, why an  
advertisement for you, at 24, you  
simply lack it.

On the job, I've had bad baths in  
hotels, thousands treatments in Bal-  
neolles, lemon-water flats in San  
Diego, deep cleaning in literature, even  
did last summer in Manhattan. And  
I've come to the fairly obvious con-  
clusion that where there must be con-  
fidence, security-of-person and some  
of identity, it is generally accompanied

by a realistic, healthy attitude toward  
beauty. Show me a life-passing-may-  
be wonderful, and I show you a  
woman hot in the mid of every new  
wonderful cream on the market.

The problem of the married 30-  
year-old is often spelled b-o-o-b-a-d!  
The faithful, faithful wife is the one  
constant in a world that swirls around  
him. And he finds it safer to remem-  
ber the taste of his youth.

Another problem is "role-dressing."  
Before she's 30, a girl happily dresses  
for the role of Single Girl. But past  
30, role-dressing takes on new and  
diverse meanings. The unmarried 30-  
year-old dresses either for love dignity,  
perhaps, to an otherwise unattractive  
steak, and the married 30-year-old  
starts "dressing up" like her boss up  
near. (Perhaps to remind the Wom-  
an-passing-may-be feeling.) My own theory  
(which may account for the fact  
that I'm nobody's favorite, favorite  
spouse) is "dress to please yourself."  
How you look and what you wear is  
one of the most personal expressions  
of identity — and one that demands  
total independence.

In fact, independence — and calm —  
is the most fun of being 30. It re-  
lates the independence pleasure of an  
unmarried single, sleeping rights. I'm  
entitled to pay my bills, buy my car,  
make my decisions. (Except of course,  
during a worry-welcome.) My job  
demands travel — an exhilarating  
sense of freedom. I cherish the notion  
that somehow I can get along  
alone my way... on my own. And  
as for the men of the modern 30-  
year-old, it becomes possible, to para-  
phrase just about everybody, to see  
them as people rather than as simple  
sex objects or potential husbands.

In 1971, the woman seeking 30  
loses the possibility of a marriage-less  
future. She may prefer to live singly  
although if not solitary, for some  
new liberating situation possible be-  
tween a man and woman. The re-con-  
trol women of 30 doesn't need a man.  
She may want one — or may — but  
she doesn't put the responsibility on  
him to justify her own existence. The  
personal awareness leads, I think, to  
the possibility of genuine friendships.



Although I've never had my desire to  
be a lady. I've always desired the  
sense of respect and comradeship one  
man gives another. And I give it is  
exactly that respect and comradeship —  
and understanding — which I would  
like men to give me.

A girlfriend insists that my views  
are different, that life is easier for me,  
because I've been married. "Even if it  
is a conditioned husband, the never-  
married woman still occasionally suffers  
from the spouse syndrome. At  
times," she says, "I would rather be  
married and divorced than never mar-  
ried at all."

On the social-sex side of the 30-  
year-old, there is the striking pre-  
cept of being, for the first time, the  
Older Woman. At 24, it's a rebellion,  
at 27, a rebuffing. Thirty, now, is  
quite another matter. Another thirty-  
30 friend was going out with a 23-  
year-old man. At a party he asked her  
age. She's 29 but she told him she was  
30. As she exploded later, "Twenty-  
one sounds like a half-bred sort of  
Older Woman. 30 has more class!"

Nevertheless, the 30-year-old girl of  
1971, married or single — close  
or no close — is to many men a mys-  
tery. And why not? She represents a  
brand-new kind of world and woman.  
One sometimes finds (male and charac-  
teristic) jokingly summed it up. "We'd  
had dinner in a Manhattan restaurant  
and, after he'd paid the bill, I asked if  
I might have the receipt (which he  
didn't need and I did). "An ordinary  
girl" he exclaimed, "would simply or-  
der enough for 10, dragging it home  
and live on it till the next occasion.  
You want a man's receipt? Your spe-  
cial makes you fun as a friend, but  
you'll never get anybody to marry you  
that way."

I disagree. One day, I'll be going  
my thirty-four-30 way, and my  
partner will come. The closer he'll get,  
the livelier I'll look. (One like the ad-  
vertisement.) And then he'll say,  
"For a woman over 30 with a complexion  
like that, you deserve a five  
around the world. And then he'll  
say, 'that you have to pay your own  
way.'"

By Keitha  
McLean  
who is sexy,  
gorgeous (left)  
and about  
to turn thirty



# How to watch the Stanley Cup by Jacques Plante

## "GOALIES ARE SPECIAL... WE CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT HOW TO WATCH HOCKEY SCIENTIFICALLY"

By the time you read this I could be watching the Stanley Cup play-offs from the same position you are — in front of a television screen. But I don't think so. I think my click, the Toronto Maple Leafs, will be right in there, and I'll be in my usual place, in the goalie's net, which happens to be the best spot in any hockey rink for taking in a game and figuring out the play. Goalies are special people. If you look at the National Hockey League rule book, you'll see that the rules say each team must have "15 players and two goaltenders." That makes an offense right there, and one of the defenses is that we can, if we're smart, learn more about the secrets of the game — and more about how to watch hockey scientifically — than anyone in the arena or on television.

To tell the truth, I feel a little sorry for you watching the play-offs on TV. You don't see enough of the play. All you get game after game in a close-up of some guy carrying the puck. That's wrong. The camera should pull back and let you see a whole zone with all the players taking their different positions on the ice.

Let me give you an example. Johnny Bucyk of the Boston Bruins has been scoring an awful lot of goals this season, right? Well, if you've only seen him on television guess there you don't know how he's managed to score so many. Probably all you've caught is quick glimpses of him whipping the puck into a net. But if you were given a zone view of the play you'd learn Bucyk's secret. He's a loner. He moves away from the flow of the play, lugging behind while Johnny McKenzie, on his line, or sometimes their captain, Fred Stanfield, digs the puck from behind the

opponent's net and gets it out to Bucyk. That's the Bruins' strategy. They make the opposition goalie and defenseman turn around and look behind them while Bucyk is out front doing his flanking act. You know he's there, but you can't see him, and by the time you look in the front's goal, Bucyk doesn't touch the puck much, but when he does — whoosh — it's in the net.

How does Yvan Cournoyer score so many goals for Montreal Canadiens? Well, what you probably don't see on television is the way his center, big Jean Beliveau, goes into the other team's corner and draws in two and sometimes three defending players to distract him. He's so strong that just one man can't contain him. The defensemen know they shouldn't all rush in at Beliveau, but they can't seem to help themselves. And that leaves little Cournoyer all alone ready for the pass. Now York Rangers use the same system with Dore Belton and young Walt Tkaczuk. There goes Tkaczuk into the corner, a big aggressive guy, upsetting the balance of the defense, and there's Belton out from ready to pop in the pass. Just look how many goals he's scored this year — and see how many more he'll score in the play-offs. The question you want answered, watching him on TV, is how come? And television should tell you.

## "THE BRUINS' STRATEGY... MAKE THE OPPOSITION GOALIE AND DEFENSEMAN TURN AROUND"

I think good TV commentary is so important for young boys coming up in hockey. Kids need to be told how things are done; I should know — I got 100 letters a day from them asking for advice. And one of the big troubles is that hockey coaching is away behind the times, from the NHL on down. In pro football,

they have a backfield coach, a defensive line coach, an offensive line coach, a pass-catcher's coach, all kinds of coaches. Every individual football player learns how to do his particular job. But in hockey, where every individual player is expected to

## "WATCH THINKING GUYS... THEY HAVE A SMOOTH KNACK FOR PICKING UP THEIR CHECKS"

know how to do his particular job at top speed, each team has only one coach. You can't tell me one single coach can teach all the specialized jobs in hockey. That's crazy.

The best coaches of all should work at the junior level. After that the NHL stopped direct sponsorship of junior teams, the culture of coaching down there has dropped off. Too many junior coaches don't teach the game, and you can spot the results in the weaknesses in the play of the young players coming up to the NHL from junior.

For one thing they haven't learned much about defensive hockey. That's why Cournoyer spent most of his first three years with Canadiens sitting on the bench. He scored 30 goals one season on the power play, but he didn't work a regular shift because nobody had taught him how to switch to defensive play when his team lost the puck. You watch thinking guys on our Toronto team like Dore Kohn and Norm Ullman. They have a smooth knack for picking up their checks at the play changes suddenly from offensive to defensive, which is something that you're taught and that you work at for years. And the young forwards usually don't know anything about defense in zones. When the puck is in your own end of the ice, each of your forwards isn't supposed to check a specific man, he checks whomever is in the zone or his side from the blue line halfway into the net. He has to



# "STUDY BOBBY ORR... THE WAY HE CARRIES THE PUCK... HE'S PRACTICALLY UNSTOPPABLE!"

decide which opposing player is his most likely to get the puck and stick close to him, always ready to snatch off to him, as in: Dennis Marshall hit Buffalo is a genius at this. He doesn't chase around like a madman the way the young players do. Instead, he's generally immobile until, suddenly, there he is, checking away the puck. That's a virtue.

Then there's the business of learning to talk on the ice. I always talk during delays at play, for example. I like to tip off the young players on our team about line-fuels in one and Wash County D-Schools in Minnesota. I might remind them, because he checks on face-offs by leaning forward before the referee drops the puck. Or he might warn our rookies not to look away when they're facing off with Blumstein or Red Berman of Detroit or Ralph Backlund of Los Angeles, because even in a while they like to fix at the net right from the drop of the puck.

But, more than that, I call out warnings and instructions while play is actually going on. I learned the hard way from Harvey back in the 1970s with Montreal. When I had control of the puck at the side of the ice, for instance, and Harvey was coming back to pick it up, he'd want me to warn him which way to turn after he took the puck. He couldn't see what the checkers were doing behind him (but I could), and I'd tell him whether to turn around the net and out straight down the ice or take a wider dance into the corner. A small detail, maybe, but you bet it paid off. There are all kinds of instructions you can follow to the players on your team. I wish the Leafs did it more. Paul Henderson is our best talker on

the ice. If you've ever wondered how Paul gets so many breakaways, the answer is simple — he uses his mouth. Watch Paul when he's going down the wing, without the puck, toward the other team's defense. He'll put on his good speed to make a quick turn between the two defensemen, and at the right moment he'll yell and Norman Ullman or whoever's carrying the puck, will lay it right on his stick. And the chances are that Paul is gone for a goal. Everybody should learn to talk it up the way he does.

Well, maybe you can't catch Paul's yell on TV and maybe there are some pieces of strategy you've learned to use, but there's plenty you can do if you look sharp. Study Bobby Orr, for one guy I mean, study the way he carries the puck. He doesn't keep it on the blade of his stick. Instead he always pushes it out in front of him. That style gives him a double advantage. First, it makes him almost impossible to check because if the checker hits Bobby's stick, he won't knock the puck away. Or still has it under control out there in front of him. And, second, the defense has no idea which way Bobby's going to move around there. When a guy handles the puck on his blade, you can almost always read which way he's going to control himself. But not with Orr — he's practically unstopable. **B**

Responsibility of Montreal is another matter at throwing the puck out ahead and among the younger players.

## "YOU CAN LEARN A LOT BY EXAMINING THE WAYS PLAYERS BREAK IN ON THE NET FOR A SHOT"

on our own Jim McMorris is developing an ice sense technique.

You can learn a lot about offensive hockey by examining the different ways players handle themselves when they break in on the net for a shot. I certainly watch those plays like an eagle. And so do I. I don't like the NHL players follow the same pattern they'll come at the net with their knee-hand or back end and then either lay the puck or hold off and go to their back-hand. A player can adjust to them, go with their moves and try to stop the puck. But there are always a dozen players in the league who can cross you up. They'll come in, wait until you think it's too late for them to use their back-hand, and then it's that split second when the puck is just adjusting for a backhand. They'll give you a delayed backhand. It sounds simple, but it's really a difficult physical maneuver. Watch for it. Blumstein can do

it, and so can Bob Niven at New York and Derek Dill of Buffalo and Kevin in our team. And so can young Syl Apps at Pittsburgh. He used it on me for a goal in late January and afterwards I asked myself, a kid like that? Am I losing my touch? But I found out that he'd been practicing the shot for weeks.

Another trick is shooting off the wrong leg. A left-hand player will always shoot off his right leg, and vice versa. So when a left-hand guy comes at me and doesn't hit off his right, I automatically pick for a fraction of a second until he's taken a stride on his left leg and a back again to his right. But there are a few players who can take advantage of that momentary lapse and shoot off the wrong leg. It's a tough shot to master, but work out for Berman and Jean Ratelle of New York. They're the best at it. Claude Provost who used to be a right-winger

## "ESPPOSITO... IS FOREVER TRYING NEW TRICKS. THERE'S NO SINGLE SHOT YOU CAN WATCH FOR"

with my old Montreal team could pull it off, too, but he always gave the trick away by leaning his right leg up in the air. The guys kidded him about that all the time because he looked so weird.

The difference between the great scorers in the NHL and the average scorers is that the great ones can change their minds in the wink of an eye. Take Guy Stenstrom or Larry Kalbfell, who'll hit on the left one time plugged and then, instead of trying to break through quickly with a shoulder opening. High scorers in hockey, if you'll watch them, operate the same way. They're always looking for new holes, seeing you in new ways. That's Phil Daponte of Boston for you — he's forever trying new shooting tricks. There's no single shot you can watch for from him.

And so do the other scorers, as you can see from a list of remembering the habits and weaknesses of the players on the other teams, especially the goalies, and be played to their weaknesses not their strengths. That sounds silly, but it's true, and you can tell you. There are plenty of NHL players who don't know how to think their things through. In the league today, we play each team only six times in the regular season, not 14 as we did in the old days, and now each team has two goalies, the players may not get a certain goalie more than a couple or three times a season. Well, most players / continued on page 22

# PETER C. NEWMAN, EDITOR OF MACLEAN'S, ASKS CLAUDE RYAN, EDITOR OF LE DEVOIR, ABOUT THE CRUCIAL ISSUE THAT DIVIDES CANADA.

# Question WHAT DOES QUEBEC WANT TO BE?

by

Claude Ryan

I begin this long letter to you, my mand, huddled by painful memories of the past decade of the nation's discontent — memories that were positively mind-boggling when I came to Montreal this past winter for the trial of the convicted murderer, Paul Rose. It seems unbelievable to me that a period that began with such high hopes for a dynamic new unity between French and English Canadians should end in this sterile courtroom with a dragging match between a pathetic, nervous outcast of a judge and a lone, beleaguered judge in a black robe, not, unfortunately representing the weight of society's justice.

Each sitting day of the trial, where the roving sound of Quebec's rage is understood for the world to see, begins with the formality of a court clerk chanting: "Oyez! Oyez! La cour est en session! On s'ouvre. Vive le Roi!" For you in French Canada that invocation to a distant English map seems a baroque beyond notice. To many in English Canada, if no doubt represents a smugly satisfying repudiation of an ancient ritual. The Queen's or her empire, all right with the world? But to me, a European by birth, an ancient Canadian by persuasion, it is both more and less than that — an aggravating symbol of my conviction that we stand in constant danger of letting this country fall apart because there is too much spotty, subterranean and plain stupidity on both sides to alter our institutions in time to restore our unity.

Since those bleak days last autumn, when your society and mine faced each other across a brittle of rifles, we seem more spiritually divided than ever before, less generous, less trusting of one another, less certain of a shared future. For 10 years we have been dealing with each other in a series of confrontations at unequal intervals and comprehensible in-

tensity, seeking but never finding the ultimate compromise. Perhaps the trouble is that the dynamics of a revolution inevitably work in favor of its opponents. Every concession made by Ottawa during the past 10 years has brought tougher demands from Quebec: such belated agreement has occurred in its own problems, without really having such effect on the basic misadventure. We have moved from the latter Plamondon approach of trying to do what Quebec's provinces through goodwill and generous intentions to Pierre Trudeau's willing of dissent at highest point. Yet we have discovered no available solution to the issue of a social upheaval that seems to us as threatening to your social order as it is to ours. (So far, the recorded biographies of your revolutionaries speak to us of desperate men who desire false paradise for Quebec mainly because they want freedom from constraints of every kind, be they political, social or moral.)

Having watched the interaction between French separatism and English anglophobia for most of the past decade having witnessed the frustration of federalists from both founding sides desperately attempting to make Quebec feel more comfortable within Confederation, it would be silly enough for me to conclude that we have been building flaming dikes against the tide of history and that we should go our separate ways. But I am too deeply committed to this country, too profoundly excited about its potential to dismiss 100 years of pent-up bitterness, however imperfect, and I tell you, quite simply: I still believe that we can accomplish many more worthwhile things together than apart.

The great tragedy — but possibly the great salvation, too — of the French-English problem is that this country is that neither group can really be free of the other. Every English Canadian is a little bit French and every Quebecer is a little bit English in the sense that, after more than 100 years of living together, neither is totally alien from the other. The real purpose of this letter is to ask you to define



# '60

was the year of Quiet Revolution. Jean Lesage brought grandeur — and a frantic search for funds.



# '64

brought the Queen, closed windows, blood in the streets, and a backlash from English Canada.



# '66

Daniel Johnson was in power, maybe-separatism was in vogue.

Canada's prospects as you see them but before it pose more specific questions, a might be valuable let both of us if I set down some impressions of how the number of disappointed events that mark up the history of French-English relations in this century for the past decade looked from my side of the barricade. Perhaps in the process we can together puzzle out how, in the name of God, we got from there to here.

It all started so well, right years ago, with Jean Lesage's victory over the morally corrupt Union Nationale in that exhilarating springtime of 1960 when it seemed plausible for the French and English in Canada to share the conviction that the nation would somehow come together to our mutual advantage, that we would triumph over the darker side of our nature and that, as a people, we would become citizens at last of who we are and why we are here. As Lesage and his reformers set out to chal-

lenge the Inland authority, along not — as Quebec had in the past — for minor, symbolic concessions, but for a genuine redistribution of fiscal and constitutional powers, most English Canadians cheered him on, even if we were not aware of the full implications of his grand enterprise. The whole social structure of the province appeared to change overnight. After two centuries of suspicious conservatism, French Canadians were suddenly trumpeting the glory of their new world.

I vividly remember Jean Lesage presiding over this transformation with Napoleonic grandeur. His personal staff that numbered 28, including a *chef de protocol* in morning coat. His appointments schedule was reimagined two weeks in advance; he became such an imposing figure that three Montreal dailies once satirically reported how the prime minister had been bitten by a mosquito on the middle finger of his right hand.

Lesage's critics in Quebec dismissed him as an opportunist (not known at the time, they relied not on their tongues) but to me he was very much more than that. I walked into Lesage's office shortly after his election and he greeted me, all smiles, with the confident, over-the-top grip of a champion tennis player. "Canadians are becoming grateful that we're so uncomprehendingly French," he said referring to his view of Quebec as a hotbed against Canada's cultural domination by the United States. "It's a delicious paradox — the stronger revenge France could have dreamed of since the Conquest — that now English Canadians now down the serenity of French-Canadian culture as much as we do." And when I asked whether he considered himself a Canadian or a Quebecer first, Lesage smiled at the marble bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his desk, and said: "I am a Canadian. That's my nationality."

Looking back on Lesage's reign, it seems to me that most of his problems eventually reduced themselves to a frantic search for funds to finance Quebec's leap into the 20th century. He repaid the provincial debt on his first three years in office and his administration grew so short of money that in the spring of 1963 he ordered a temporary postponement on efforts for the first time in over a century of free budgets. His fiscal assaults on the Ottawa treasury took the form of an interminable series of federal-provincial conferences (during Lesage's first 18 months in office, 114 federal-provincial consultations were held at various levels) that resulted in the eventual transfer of an extra 35% of income taxes back to provincial coffers. Quebec's linguistic posture became increasingly hawkish and English Canada, suddenly aware that no awakened Quebec could prove expensive, began to grow uneasy.

# '67

Le Grand Charles made le grand speech, and unified English — not French — Canadians.



I recall one particularly bitter exchange between Pearson and Lesage over the issue of assimilation of off-shore natural rights, leaving both men mid-flood with fury. But that evening Pearson evoked all of the provincial promises to his summer cottage in Harrington Lake in the Gatineau Hills, across the river from Ottawa, and in the group stood admiring the view, somebody suggested they put Lesage in the back of the truck and shove him into a stock prison posture and demanded: "What about the underwater natural rights?" Pearson caught the mood, pretended to be a politician, rebuffed Lesage by the chair and said: "You can go to the edge of the lake, Jean, but no further." Lesage had the last word: "May I remind you," he said, "that you are now in the Province of Quebec?" The group broke up in elevated laughter.

It was a simple tale, and, in retrospect, only the benign promise to a confrontation in the making. The first

# '68

René Lévesque launched le Parti Québécois, and made separatism serious.



# '70

James Cross was kidnapped, and a province's agony became the nation's.







CLAUDE  
RYAN'S

# Answer

QUEBEC WANTS  
TO BE PART OF  
A CANADA THAT  
RECOGNIZES THE NEEDS  
AND SPIRIT OF  
NOT ONE  
BUT TWO NATIONS

**C**her Peter  
I have great difficulty writing this letter. I have the feeling that since last October something fundamental has changed in my position vis-à-vis the two chief constituencies that make up Canada. For a long time I was accepted as an interpreter of goodwill and was able to move in both constituencies with ease, trying to state the views, hopes and expectations of each mutually understood. I was a witness and a party to all the debates and all the battles. Throughout, I was able, at least on the surface, to preserve objectivity. In serious debates, a kind of moral arbitrage or mediation was expected of me, to close the gap between conflicting parties.

I accepted this role because I believed it was useful to a country in which I felt attached and because it sprang from my own analysis of the situation in which I wanted to offer middle-of-the-road solutions rather than extremes. I had often asked myself: If ever I had to choose between Pierre Trudeau and René Lévesque, which would it be? But since the question was never really posed in black and white, the reply could be put off till later in the hope that the final day of reckoning would never come.

I was opposed to the federalization of Trudeau, which I found too rigid. I was also opposed to the separation of Lévesque. I was certain that between these two extremes there existed some sort of middle-of-the-road solutions. All my efforts over those last 10 years

have been concentrated on trying to find such solutions.

The year 1970 brought a turning point. After the events of the past few months, and the role I played in them, I have the impression that I could never again be accepted by English Canada — our address English Canadians — in the same spirit of impartiality and objectivity as before.

First there was the Quebec election of last April. I'm brought about the collapse of the Union Nationale and an apparently decisive victory for the Liberal party. On closer analysis, the election confirmed the spectacular rise of the new Quebec nationalism, for the Parti Québécois obtained 33% of the vote, a much higher percentage than that obtained by the Bloc Populaire Canadien in 1944. And that was only part of the story. Almost 90% of English-speaking Québécois cast their votes for the Liberals, so if you subtract the English vote from the total you will see that the PQ share of the French-speaking vote was nearly as great as the Liberals', and it surpassed the other opposition parties by a large margin.

These figures are impressive. At the political level, the PQ is emerging as the main opposition group. It must be said, to complete the picture, that the Liberals' support came almost all from the middle-class, from those who would have most to lose from radical and extreme solutions, and from the older and less dynamic sections of Quebec society.

The PQ's support, however, came overwhelmingly from the younger, selected groups, from politically active unions, from those working in the field

of communications, from artists, teachers, students, technicians, civil servants — from the generation that is already inheriting the future.

The PQ was heavily on the personality of René Lévesque. Much of the April election action was due to him. In a brief period of time, he has become an important political force. One would have to be finished not to examine his past and view and feel some sympathy with his position. I voted for the Liberal Party last April, and I urged readers of *Le Devoir* to do likewise. It would be dishonest and flippancy on my part to suggest I would do the same again. At the next election, I shall ask myself: Which choice would be more likely to ensure democracy, liberty, justice and peace?

**O**ne someone who has a great deal to lose — or so you (because a justice — or someone who is living in the fringes of reality in Quebec could be convinced as this point that to choose the Liberals would be right. The double that made more than 600,000 Québécois vote for the PQ last April still exists. I have the impression that it continues to spread. We are very far from the "tiny group" of which Pierre Trudeau spoke two years ago. A party has sprung up that represents, through a strong and vigorous democratic structure, the hopes and aspirations of a majority of Québécois below the age of 35.

For a long time it appeared in the eyes of English Canada as one of

those capable of assuming the threat of separation in Quebec. I have not been a separatist, but it would be wrong to assume that I would always vote against the PQ because it is committed to a sovereign Quebec. On the contrary, I will not hesitate to vote most often for the PQ if I feel it offers the best chance for democracy. The fact that it has become an open question in my mind represents a very important change. The issue of Confederation has never been, for me, part of the world of politics and social issues. What I produced in the federal election, but more than ever, since last October, that option has become relative, a question of means. I should have no hesitation in preferring an independence that would be responsive to real democratic values over a federalism dominated by interests that would make the realization of my people's destiny impossible.

The second event that made me re-examine my views was the October crisis in Quebec. You and I were both in this crisis, and we were both opposed to violence and the methods used by the FLQ. We were confronted with a series of choices. Should the FLQ be treated as if their actions were those of ordinary criminals, or were they purely political? Faced with a balance between the lives of hostages and the brutal and rash reaction of the authorities, was the proper response force or negotiation? Finally, what would lay down the ground rules — Ottawa or Quebec?

When I came up against these troubling questions, I found my own feelings were more toward André Lévesque than Pierre Trudeau. I was convinced that if a choice had to be made now between the values represented by the two men, my decision today would be the same as last October.

The October crisis was not the last for us. It was perhaps the last that had not left Quebec over the past five years. There was the Quebec vote in 1966, De Gaulle's visit in 1967, the departure of Lévesque from the Liberal Party in 1967, the occupation of the CEGEPs in the autumn of 1968, the teachers strike the 81 Lévesque election, the march on McGill, the police strike, the troubles over Bills 66 and 96, the violence during the St-Jovite sports period in 1968 and 1969, the bombings in Montreal, and so on.

My job requires me to follow events very closely. I have lived through each of the crises, my eyes glued to the window, my intense personality in tune of the demonstrations that marked the crises. I studied

all the documents, all the statements and all the events that went with the troubles, very closely, before taking concrete. I tried to explain each crisis separately, as though each event was complete in itself. I refused to admit that there could be an underlying connection between them. The October crisis was off the wall. It made me realize in a flash that far from being disconnected from one another, the successive crises defining Quebec over five years were really closely interrelated and evident of deep-seated tensions in the basic structure of our society.

The great mistake of Pierre Trudeau and Jean Drapeau, during the last crisis, was to try to make the Canadian people believe that it was all the result of criminal actions perpetrated by a small group of individuals. They failed in their duty as political leaders by not showing that the crisis reflected deep and unrooted tensions potentially present in every one of us.

It is not enough to maintain the role of social, economic and cultural factors in a long time Quebec lived on the political level under the tutelage of English Canada, and on the cultural and social levels under the tutelage of the Catholic Church. The latter relationship was ruptured 10 years ago, bringing about a French search for values and standards to replace those discarded. These new values have still not been found. The human spirit is always ready to try all kinds of experiments, including those that may lead to purity, violence and despair.

On the political level, it appeared in 1960 that positive affirmation of the role of the Quebec government and recognition of French-language rights in other parts of Canada would be enough to cancel the new national conscience emerging in the younger generation and in the intellectual milieu of Quebec. In the first half of the 1960s the reluctant government of Jean Lesage made some spectacular progress in emphasizing the role of the government and *l'état*. One of the main aims in the context of Quebec may have seemed personal and particular to you, for to it expressed a deep political aspiration. At the same time we saw that under Lester Pearson there was growing up across Canada a broader acceptance of the French fact, a greater willingness to accept the future of the country, particularly in federal institutions. Shortly afterward, though, it be-

came evident that these personal measures would not satisfy the aspirations of the young Quebecers. The efforts made toward bilingualism did not interest them. The new generation brought both constantly growing demands for greater powers and a wider role for the "State" of Quebec. While English Canada and many French-speaking political figures continued to regard Quebec as a province like the others, the Quebecers realized more and more the worrying implications of the softening of French-speaking Canadian tensions, a sentiment shared in Anglophone culture. They saw that francophones were becoming ever more a minority, demographically and linguistically, even in Quebec. They concluded that if the French fact was to have any future in North America, it could only be achieved in Quebec, and only on condition that the political, economic and social instruments required were made available without delay.

In this process of self-assertion, something the English share, a nation was becoming fully conscious of its own existence, its distinct personality, and its destiny in Quebec. It was becoming more and more aware of its situation and re-examining its position in the light of this new awareness. Pearson, though he never lived in Quebec, understood this feeling and its significance. He applied to the problem of the supplying of oil and oil to the long and fruitful diplomatic career. The output-oil system, to which he gave a surprising impetus, allowed Quebec to achieve some of its aims without oversteering its federal link. But by 1968, there was no more room to negotiate further concessions. Already in English Canada there were accusations that Pearson was selling out Canada to Quebec and that this soft approach should be abandoned. And it was at this point that the influence of Pierre Trudeau began to be felt in Ottawa.

Trudeau is not against Quebec. He sincerely wants the French contribution to flourish freely. In his writings, he has often urged the Quebec government forward to excellence in the areas where it has special jurisdiction. He himself has his writings and in the speech made, represents one of the finest products of French culture in this country. But he has lost himself to gaudy, to his policies, by wrong concepts and assumptions, which is the long run can only lead to failure.

From his early studies and from the battles he led in the time of De Gaulle, he has carried over a deep sense of nationalism, which he applies too. / continued on page 69

# Backlash

## MIDDLE-CLASS QUEBEC IS RUNNING SCARED

An anti-separatist backlash was triggered by the chaotic results of the FLQ crisis in Quebec. The backlash shows up clearly in a survey commissioned by Maclean's and carried out by Contemporary Research Centre of Toronto, one of Canada's foremost research firms. Maclean's asked CRC to measure, not the amount of separatism in Quebec, but the degree to which people who have already decided for or against it were moved by the unfolding of last summer's violent events.

Many people were not budged; if they were anti-separatist, they remained so, if they thought Quebec's future lay in independence, they were not shaken in that belief. But of those who did change their minds, an overwhelming percentage turned against separatism.

The accompanying table indicates how pronounced the swing has been. Only 24% of Quebecers are now more favorably inclined toward separatism, and 24% are less so. The trend is particularly obvious in middle-class Quebec, among those in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 annual income bracket, the swing away from independence is exactly 10 times the movement toward it. The only sector where a measurable inclination toward the independence option can be found is among those under age 25 (8% are more favorable) and even here the number of those less favorable (24%) is much higher.

CRC was also asked to get the same question to Canadians in other provinces, with results close to those obtained in Quebec — 24% were less favorably inclined to separatism in Quebec, where 95% of respondents were French-speaking, and 29% felt the same way outside the province, where nearly all spoke English. In both cases the swing toward separatism was the same — 2%.

Just in case the survey figures were some of the concerns of respondents. One French-speaking Quebecer and finally, "It's a gag of bandits who want secession," while another commented, "Separatism is something we shouldn't even think about, because we need the federal government to live." Or those more in favor of independence, one stated bitterly, "The English are taking the shirts right off our backs," and a second said, "With the new events, one can see that French Canadians are being better treated on the language issue."

One central Canadian said he didn't care much one way or the other: "It's Quebec's issue and stupid." But another said he favored independence, because "people in Quebec are in desperate need of social improvement and have not found a voice in the federal government."

Perhaps the most disturbing comment came from a westerner, who said he was opposed to separatism because "I don't like Frenchmen." ■

## The issue

## The results

HAVE RECENT EVENTS IN QUEBEC MADE YOU MORE FAVORABLY DISPOSED TOWARDS SEPARATISM, LESS FAVORABLY DISPOSED, OR IS YOUR ATTITUDE THE SAME AS IT WAS BEFORE?

	MORE	LESS	SAME
QUEBEC	2%	24%	74%
AGE			
15-25	8	24	68
25-45	1	21	78
45 plus	1	27	72
INCOME			
UNDER \$5,000	4	38	58
\$5,000-\$10,000	2	20	78
\$10,000 plus	2	20	78
EDUCATION			
COMPLETED PUBLIC SCHOOL	1	31	68
COMPLETED HIGH SCHOOL	2	21	77
COMPLETED UNIVERSITY	3	12	85
ALL CANADA	2	28	70
OUTSIDE QUEBEC	2	29	69



# SPRING!

One of the privileges that goes with being a northern people is the fact understanding that we are entitled, indeed expected, to go a little batty every spring.

We don't have to apologize for that. After all, a northern spring, following our kind of substantive winter, is not merely a reawakening; it has all the miraculous wonder of a rebirth, a return from the dead. Even the chemical composition of our blood changes a little. Children grow more in fact in spring as in the fall, and babies born in spring are, on the average, bigger and healthier.

The Indians had the same time after long before we arrived. They measured time not by slaps and years, but by slaps and springs. One of the most poignant Canadian stories I know is hidden in the monthly herbicide fumes of several northern Indian people. To this day, their herds draw a sharp increase in February, one month after the Maytime sun banishes the green hardships of winter and brings back spring and its *jeu de vivre*.

Regardless of what the calendar says, our year really begins with spring. It is the tenderest and most storied of seasons. No time has so many criteria and cues: water skis and strawberry shortcake, dressing and the green-tinted points of spawning grass, ancient ice dripping water; trees looking ridiculous with icy layers of grass, maple syrup and so many fast facts; and birds and flowers and frocks and holding hands and young love in public places. Love, of course, for love and spring are warp and weft of the same relevance fabric.

These are its signs and symbols, but what of its scientific dimensions?

It isn't easy to pinpoint what spring is and when it begins. The astronomers and climate printers make no problem out of it, their spring begins at that moment when the center of the sun points over the equator in its southward progression, usually somewhere on March 21. Thus, the vernal equinox, is the official beginning of spring, but of course, as all we northerners know, it has little to do with the real spring. One of childhood's early and puzzling



BY FRED BODSWORTH



distinction is that the first day of spring and the first spring day are never the same.

The real spring is a matter of temperature and its power to trigger the protoplasmic explosion by which a trillion warring cells and seeds and buds and eggs begin adding another cycle to life's eternal chain. The trigger, however, is not the brief oddity temperature peaks, it is the sum of temperatures throughout each 24 hours, which meteorologists express as the daily mean. A line running roughly east and west through points on the map that all have the same mean temperature is known to meteorologists as an isotherm. It is a word we need in our search for the signs of spring. You can think of isotherms as moving up and down the map with the seasons, southward in autumn, northward in spring.

A number of spring's earliest harbingers arrive with the 35-degree isotherm. Many of the first returning birds, such as robins and Canada geese, fly northward with it, regulating their migration so that they are always at a latitude where the temperature is hovering around the 35-degree mean. Some of the hardiest and earliest wildflowers, such as spring beauty, coltsfoot and skunk cabbage, the last melting its own hole through the snow, also appear with that isotherm. But these first few hardy birds and flowers are more like promises of spring than the real thing. Spring needs a more decisive endorsement.

Plants vary according to the temperature at which their cell metabolism and growth can begin, but for most plants and trees it is around 43 degrees, and this has become the daily mean that botanists and geographers use to divide the beginning of a region's growing season. Naturalists regard it as the isotherm that separates winter from spring.

So think of the 43-degree isotherm creeping slowly southward in the fall until finally it stops about 300 miles north of the Gulf Coast and forms a line running from the Corelless westward through northern Texas to California where it swings sharply northwest because of the warmth of the Pacific.

Late in January the northward shifting sun attacks the 43-degree isotherm and begins pushing it up the map. With this, the North American spring is born, for north of it there has been some mistle of a start and now that winter goes away in spring, it moves sluggishly at first, about 10 miles a day across level country, more slowly where it has to push upward and fight the lingering cold of higher alti-





tudes, and winter where it can sweep northward down protected valleys or in the lee of mountains. Behind it, trees burst into leaf, the paucity of spring flowers waded, and spring's main front of migrating birds pass their flight.

Canada's spring began on Vancouver Island. Not infrequently Victoria's roses bloom in January, and the island winter sometimes passes with no snow. Yet, for all this, the coast's January and February means do drag a little below that critical 43 degree, and so by one definition there is a winter there. However, the 43-degree isotherm is back early in March and begins pushing northward up the coast and inland across the mountains. By mid-April, the Pacific spring has expanded northward as far as the Alaskan Panhandle and eastward to the Alberta boundary.

Around April 10 the spring northern begins to push into eastern Canada at two points — around the western end of Lake Erie into southwestern Ontario and up the Atlantic seaboard into southern Nova Scotia. By April 15 it has reached Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Now the feast of the white trillium, Ontario's provincial flower, begins to open, but the first dandelions had burst their shocking heads at least a week before and the 43-degree isotherm is far then the signal that will turn scattered flocks of yellow into solid mats of bloom.

Meanwhile, in the United States' midwest, the spring here has been struggling in a protracted pushback match with Arctic air masses blowing southward down the continent's flat interior. Soon after April 15 the barrier of Arctic-chilled air suddenly yields and new spring surges across the Canadian prairies in the most dramatic of all its advances. In the two weeks between April 15 and May 1, the eastern Canadian spring surges sluggishly northward only 100 to 200 miles, but during the same period on the plains it is racing northward 100 miles a day producing by May 1 a great 1,500-mile bulge reaching almost to the Yukon. Behind it the western meadowlarks and the grouse winter's robes and purple pasqueflowers burst into bloom.

So it is May 1 and all of arctic Canada is now in spring's embrace, but there is still another 1,500 miles to Canada's Arctic coast. It will be July before the spring will finally spill onto the Arctic islands. It never will reach the northern tier of those islands, because sometime in July about midway up the Arctic archipelago the 43-degree isotherm stalls and goes no further. Spring's five-month, 3,000-mile conquest has finally been halted. ■



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# NEIL YOUNG



MY BROTHER  
THE FOLK  
SINGER  
BY  
BOB  
YOUNG  
WITH JON RUDY

Waiting here tonight I couldn't see any sign of tension: just a tall thin kid sleeping on a plain wooden chair between a couple of acoustic guitars and a piano, singing to 3,000 people at that clear, high, quivering note of his. He's always loved simple things, such as trees and getting up early, mornings in the country, so that I found myself wondering what he was doing here at all places. He looked lonely.

"You have to be good at Carnegie Hall," Neil Young, my younger brother, had told me three weeks earlier by

phone from his crash south of San Francisco. "The money you make there isn't important. I'd do it for nothing. It's playing Carnegie Hall—that's the important thing."

And so he had worked hard for this night, December 4, 1970, and when he walked onto the most famous stage in New York wearing jeans, a plaid shirt and work boots, I was sure he was ready. His legs would be scorchable if you knew he'd caught pneumonia 19 years ago at our home in Oshawa, Ontario, when he was six. No one in the crowd knew that, though.

They didn't know that Neil's and my father, Scott Young, the Toronto sportsman, was there with them and apart from them, as fathers always are, I guess, from the contemporaries of their sons. This was a young crowd — there was enough hair in our row to stuff a sofa — and apart from that and their determinedly scruffy clothes what they all had in common was a devotion, not fanatical, to Neil Young. His Friday concert had sold out its 35 arenas flat and a Saturday concert had been added. Some of his fans had stood in line for two days to get tickets.

To the fans he was a veteran of the super-group called Crosby, Stills, Nash, And Young, then a folk singer who had made it big on his own with two solo gold albums to his credit. *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* and, his latest, *After The Gold Rush* had my father watching this solemn, wooden-looking character and his shoulder-length, grey-flecked black hair and must have compared him with the easy though never occasional boy he'd known. After a while he leaned over and said to me, "Neil hasn't changed so much."

I knew that that he was listening closely to the lyrics — you can learn a lot about where Neil's at from his songs. One misanthropic line in the Status described him as "probably the best young misanthropist around." I think he meant that Neil's melancholy was tempered with sense and a love of life. And, like him, the Toronto pop critic, said the most sort of thing in another song: "There is not so far from a good man it, as up close to him." His lyrics like the times he sets them to, are simple but effective, and some of them are memorable.

After all of an we're here  
For here there's that you'd have  
had.

and  
For been a winner for a hour of  
gold — and I've got it old  
and.

I've sorry for the moment I've  
done.

I've shared myself with his  
But some those things are over-  
come.

And can't be recognized.

"They're loud and boisterous, but they're," Neil said of the Friday crowd. To placate them he sang 25 songs — more than two complete albums. They expressed a need for him that sometimes translated one of a family dispute. "I'm going to do a new song now," he said, "and I'll be

NEIL  
YOUNG  
IS  
MELANCHOLY  
INTERVIEWED  
WITH  
SCOTT AND  
A  
LOVE OF LIFE



doing on this Johnny Cash Show in a couple of weeks." There was a spontaneous response from somebody sitting behind me. "Why? Why with Cash, man?" He was, almost, not the music business. He had no answer to that, or to the girl who broke everybody up when Neil introduced a song called *Jesus Mountain*. "Does anyone know Jesus Mountain?" And then his shrill voice rose when somebody asked him the fourth balcony. "I do, Neil! Neil! Neil! Neil! Neil! Remember!" At the end of the concert he got a standing ovation. Back-

stage he had to lead his way across the dressing room to talk to our father, our stepmother, our dad — according to his manager, Elliot Roberts — "about 500 relatives." It was difficult to carry a conversation. Jack Nicholson of *Five Easy Pieces* came into the dressing room and told Neil excitedly, "You sold out Carnegie Hall, man, you sold out!" Neil said later that he was just like one of the family.

Back in Toronto my father reviewed the concert in his column, opposite reports of the Muhammad Ali-Oscar Bonavena fight. I like to think that for some reason it was a pleasant departure. He wrote, in part, "I suppose I did the things that a father might do in the circumstances. I went around hours before the concert just to walk by and see the posters. Putting there in the cold wind, I thought of the other good musicians in the family who, for one reason or another (I guess there are quite a few), never made it to Carnegie Hall. . . . I turned up my collar and kept on walking, and I will not tell you any thoughts, because they were my own."

Well, he had a lot to think about. Neil's musical career began inauspiciously in North Toronto in 1958, the Christmas he was 13, when my father bought him a plastic shofar as a stocking stuffer. Soon after that our parents separated and Neil and Randy — that's our mother's nickname — moved to Winnipeg, her hometown. I visited them there whenever I could get away from Toronto, which I did and never went to move to a new city. By this time Neil had traded a trumpet he'd acquired somewhere for an acoustic guitar of doubtful road quality. On the way to Winnipeg he and Randy had made a deal. Neil could play the guitar all he wanted as long as he stopped biting his fingernails.

Randy is a fighter, especially where Neil and I are concerned. She's inexpressible for Neil's violent tendency. She has black fingernail eyes and her voice is deep — telephone operators keep calling her "sir." She doesn't take any nonsense. She smokes too many Black Cat Pinks cigarettes and she drinks quite a lot of beer. She spends her summers in Winnipeg with her 35-year-old father and her violent playing pal and walking on the beach in Florida. At some point she became convinced that Neil's music was worth fighting for, and she's never stopped. She was Neil's first fan, his greatest supporter, and he needed her. She battled on his behalf and, too



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ITEM The new Miranda Sensorex is the most versatile, sophisticated 35 mm single-lens-reflex available. It's built to last 6-10 years, not just taking it at speeds as high as 1/1000th of a second. Even comes with a 3 yr. guarantee. This is the only camera you will need to make when your photographic requirements may be.

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# The new sourdoughs

PEACE, QUIET, THE MIDNIGHT SUN...  
AND A CHANCE  
TO MAKE A BUCK

The Canadian North has always drawn a special breed of man. Some have been visionary, some greedy, some have been outcasts, some pioneers intent on building a new and better society in a land where a man can still make it if he has guts. All have been gamblers. The North has produced mil-

lionaires, but not many. Costs are higher, money tighter, labor scarcer and the climate crueker than in the south. Enterprises that are profitable in the south are only marginal in the north, and those that are marginal in the south are hopeless in the north. Still they come — men who, in this increasingly

urbanized, wage-earning and foreign-owned economy, want to do their own thing. They come, they work, they gamble and sometimes they win. To the winners the North offers more wealth more quickly than it can be found anywhere else in Canada. To the losers — well, to the losers it offers

what is almost as sought after today — peace and quiet. This is the story of six such men. We call them the new sourdoughs. Two of these six will probably make a million dollars. Two will probably give up trying. Two will probably go broke trying. See if you can guess which new sourdough is which.

## Freddy Carmichael

35, commercial pilot, owner of Rapideur Air Services, Monk, Nfld.; Penn. Irishman, Irish, part Irish, son of a prospector. Worked on the DCW Line to earn enough to buy a small plane. Started Rapideur Air Services in 1960 with light Toronto, an ex-RCMP man who left the company in 1964 to enter politics. In 1967 Rapideur had three planes and a base up stock as a river bank. Today, the company owns 10 aircraft and a shiny new living or Suite with a loan from Ontario's Industrial Development Bank. Estimates assets at about \$500,000. Wife part Eskimo. Four children. "I want to encourage natives to help themselves, to show them that they can do as well as the whites. Nearly half of my 20 employees are native north-western. Why did I get into flying? My older brother John said I would get the same number of trees. John would come back with eight, nine, maybe 10. I might get one. John became one of the best trappers in the area. I got my pilot's license."



## Paul White

41, mining engineer, land surveyor, part owner of Northwest Survey Corporation Ltd., of Edmonton and Grande Prairie, Alberta, and Whitehorse, Yukon. Arrived in Whitehorse to start a surveying company in 1964 with \$200 and a return ticket. Grossed about \$20,000 in 1964. Now has between 60 to 75 employees working for him. Northwest Survey's 1970 gross, about one million dollars. Needs expensive capital. Bought Yukon Airways Ltd. last year so the company could handle charter jobs. Now has about \$500,000 in income. Lives outside Whitehorse with wife and three children, in land secured by staking mineral claims around their small lot. "I came to the North in search of freedom, I guess, and the room to build something. In the North I felt — to use an overworked word — fulfilled. Southern Canada will bring its values here and by sheer force of numbers will force us to adapt. But we don't have to accept those values as fast as we would in the south. I haven't quit yet."



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To make life a little easier.

Today, in our own modern jungles,  
it's nice to know we still have something  
to fall back on. **MELCHERS RON CABANA.**

**It makes life in the jungle a little easier.**



#### •Mel Deines

34, executive, part owner of Dunas Brothers General Hardware, Hay River, NWT. Last track: Bought his first one when he was 15. Exact in Arctic province. Started Dunas Brothers General Hardware with two brothers in 1969. They bought an International truck for \$17,000 and used it to themselves today. It's worth \$20,000. Borrowed from banks, credit unions, finance companies, using furniture as collateral. By midsummer of 1970 the Deines boys were \$8,000 in debt. Today they have \$40,000 in clear assets and are borrowing again for expansion. Married three children. "Borrowing has been the story of my life. But it's no good complaining about lack of funds. You have to dig the hell with living on \$800 to \$1,000 a month that someone else is paying you. You have to decide to take the plunge, to get with it. But you can perform in the North. We'll make or break it in one year."

#### •Darryle Brown

35, chief pilot for Wander at Yellowknife, NWT, part owner of Titan Drilling Company Ltd. (Yellowknife). Bought his first plane when he was 17 and has been flying commercially ever since. Moved to Yellowknife in 1962. Joined Wander in 1967. Put up \$4,000 and with partner Stan Goch's one formed Titan Drilling in 1968. In 1969 Titan grossed \$325,000, returning the partners \$77,000 before taxes. Anticipated gross in 1971 - \$500,000. Deines he would sell his half interest in the company today for \$150,000. Was a former fashion model. Two children. "We've been a lot happier in the North. My son can climb on his snowmobile at our back door and hunt ptarmigan in the bush. When his girl is a man he'll know there are better things to do than stand around on a corner with long hair smoking pot. In this country when you do something you're serving a purpose."

## Pete Cowie

35, pilot, formerly part owner of Arctic Air Ltd., Fort Simpson, N.W.T. Started flying out of Fort Simpson in 1964 for Northern Mountain Airlines. Got bored, quit, worked for a few years in Yellowknife. Returned to Fort Simpson in 1968 and bought Northern Mountain's license for \$40,000. (Had his own, sold later) for the Industrial Development Board. Business boomed in its first year. Northern Mountain grossed \$68,000 in its first six months. Arctic Air grossed \$40,000. Took in partner to help finance expansion. Sold out last year when four accidents destroyed two planes. Doubled his investment in two years. Plans to "stay around and start something else." Wife teaches school. "You come up here to make a buck, but there's a hole in the bottom and you can't quite fill it, so you keep trying and pretty soon you get to live & go home. Our water is still clear and our air unpolluted and a young man has a chance to make it."



## Jim Robertson

32, former merchandise for the Hudson's Bay Company, owner of Mack's Travel Agency, Inuvik, N.W.T. Was recruited by the Bay in Scotland and came to Canada in 1956. Went north in 1957. Quit the Bay in 1966 to start his own travel business with \$17,000 in savings and part of the proceeds from the sale of 100 television sets purchased a few days before the Inuvik TV station went on the air. Can arrange a glaciograph (ice sailing) whale hunt (\$750), a trip from Inuvik to Adiratic (\$27), a week on a trapline with a trapper (\$800 from Edmonton). Planning trips this year to the North Pole. Expects to net \$500,000 worth of business in 1971. "There are people in the south, particularly the United States, who come up here for no particular reason except to see the country. You can go to the upper Arctics or the Antarctic, but there are few places you can see in the shape of civilization. What are I selling? Peace, quiet and the Midnight Sun."



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He's never made a mistake anyone can pin on him

He lost his hard-won foothold in the old Liberal Establishment, to which he belonged despite his apparently strict instrument of men. What he gained was a reputation as a fighter and a certain guiding aspect from the Trudeau-as when, refusing to release his delegates, he kept on this-legged until the last bullet, which saw Perry Trudeau win. Robert Warren came second and John Tarnor came third. After the voting, Tarnor was heard to remark to a supporter that he just couldn't figure out "what the hell this guy's got on the ball," and then he shut up, as all good Liberals must, and come to the aid of the winner.

The way he has operated since could be used as a blueprint of how to go along in the discredited, intellectually dimming ministry that Trudeau runs. "What you have to do under Trudeau," says a fellow survivor of the Pearson years, "is to work like hell and present a low profile. And Tarnor has managed this brilliantly without giving any quarter."

His method seems to be to work feverishly on all fronts at once, covering off contingencies, plugging all loopholes, cultivating all corners and never, ever getting into trouble. "I'm one year in federal politics," says Brian Mulroney, a young Montreal Tory, in wonderment. "He's never made a mistake that anybody can pin on him."

Tarnor's solid achievement has been to his department, which when he came to it was in a depleted state after an up-and-down decade under seven different ministers. The most publicly obvious of Tarnor's reforms have been his judicial appointments. In making them, he has consistently chased party lines, for instance, he has appointed to the Supreme Court of Ontario John Dube, an expert in labor matters; to the Ontario Court of Appeal, a former supporter of the CCF and NDP; and Lloyd Stoddard, a Stoddard supporter whose politics didn't matter to Tarnor but whose expertise in bankruptcy and related commercial law did. He has also elevated to the Supreme Court of Canada Bora Laskin, one of the most respected judges in Canadian history, a great liberal academic judge in the Felix Frankfurter tradition.

Less showy and far more difficult for the layman to understand has been Tarnor's approach to law reform. Put simply, it's been the record of making minor amendments to specific acts (as was done in the

case of the abortion laws, for instance), the Justice Department under his direction has set out to make minor constitutional changes in the way that laws are reviewed and amended so that this is approached on a planned rather than an accidental basis. To accomplish this aim, he has set up a Legal Research and Planning Section within the department, which is headed by a noted academic, Gerald La Forest, established a National Law Reform Commission under Mr. Justice Patrick Healy, an impressively progressive Toronto judge who probably fits the "young man" label better than any other legal figure in the country, and developed a system of calling in outside legal experts as specialized teams to give him their advice. "What we do," says Tarnor, "is to get a bunch of the guys together for three or four days at the Segregate Club, say, and from their advice we figure out the best way to approach a problem." These reforms have set up a framework for reforming the law comprehensively, and certain consensus legislation has already been drafted or passed that seeks to make clearer the rights of the individual when he comes into conflict with the state. (The new Expropriation Act, for instance, means that a government can no longer just take over your house or your property, say, and then leave it decrepit. It had then leave you without any right to appeal or adjust. Mass far-reaching stuff in the Bill and Act and amendments which pass a long way toward making the law as fair for the poor as it is for the propertied, a man who can't afford to get up bail will now be let out of jail on his own recognizance.) Eventually, Tarnor would like the Justice Department to move beyond opinions and methods to the point of taking a philosophical and legal stand on some of the important so-called "ideology" issues of our times: drug, obscenity, pollution, double standards in law enforcement (check football player football games, for instance) and so on.

On balance, then, the Tarnor approach to law reform has been carefully measured, suitably progressive and much admired among MPs of all parties — which must have made his role in the controversial emergency War Measures Act legislation last fall all the more difficult to play. Because less was the department directly concerned with bringing in the Act and the Public Order Act that replaced it, Tarnor was continually harried by Opposition questions in the House of Commons. He stood up to the attack







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me contact them to the hotel nearby. I went, anyway, and as I sat in a marble-floored suite in a converted villa sipping coffee and looking out across the Adriatic, I wondered the couple still swapping their car from one fall hotel to another.

Whether or not the hotel movement will continue, even in an indefinable future, is the provision of future wars is impossible to tell. But at least one aim of the governmental sponsors has been achieved: the reintroduction of the young of many nations to one another.

In Switzerland, I met an Egyptian draft dodger who said many young Arabs felt, as he did, that the constant conflict with Israel was suicidal. "Nasser is a dictator and I don't want to die as a hero in his military sham wars," he said. Now Nasser is dead, perhaps he won't have to.

In London, a young Czech

maimed that the Communists were "making a mess of our country." In Vienna, there was constant debate between some people from neighboring Hungary and other nationalists. In Helsinki, a Swiss student explained: "This is the traditional jumping-off point for Russia. I'm going to Moscow, then taking the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok. Then I'll take a ship to Japan and study new power technology in Tokyo."

**H**otels often reflect the national character of the country. Moroccan hotels are frequently shabby, the German very disciplined, the Swiss very tidy, the Scandinavian nice good on plumbing and the French sexy — the warlike in fact — often surly and minimalist. In Scandinavia it is common to find families in hotels, each provided with their own room and, in one instance, with separate cubies complete with fireplace — and fireplace. And the communal segregation of men and women in Spain and Portugal reflects the sexual and social mores of those countries.

A sign in one Swiss hotel reflected the attitude prevalent in all hotels. It read: "Any derogatory comments on my race, nationality or religion will

render the member liable to expulsion." There is another common ban — on drugs. In Geneva the assistant manager explained: "We're the first hotel a lot of Canadians and Americans reach when they arrive in Italy. The police stop in often to compare names in passports with lists of known drug addicts compiled by Interpol. They don't take the ambiguous attitude the American police do." Neither do the hotels. You're out — for life — at the first whiff of smoke from a joint of marijuana.

My tour ended where it began, in Amsterdam. There I had a recap of a conversation I'd had scores of times in the previous 15 weeks. I asked a traffic policeman if he knew where there was a youth hotel, and — like most policemen, car drivers and others who deal with the public in Europe — he replied, "Of course I do." Then he gave me directions.

Usually, you don't need to be told. In most European towns and cities where there is a hotel, there are direction signs along the highway. It's usually the silhouette of a house which is lit at night, whatever kind of building happens to be in use as a hotel, it usually offers the kind of orientation you'd more readily expect to find in a home. ■



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## Does Bourassa represent Quebec's last chance?

one enemy—the Canada we love & it is possible that in expressing your disgust with the "imperial tradition" expelling Quebec, you are attacking the wrong enemy? Perhaps it is an illustration of our common dilemma that many English Canadians are sharing the same kind of independence (from Mtl) Street that Quebec is demanding from Bay and St. James Street. Surely, Quebec's longing for independence and the growing spirit of Canadian nationalism which have, satisfying for some, made Canada could become partners in a joint crusade to gain for all of us the kind of freedom we need to transform our two societies.

The more immediate problem, of course, is to survive together the aftermath of the War Measures Act and I presume you would agree, as I do, with the assessment Michael Sharp made after the kidnapping of James Cross, when he said: "One thing is quite clear. And that is that if there was any strong support for the cause of separation, this has dealt it a very serious blow."

Certainly, there was not much doubt that English Canada would squander behind Pierre Trudeau when he ordered the troops into Quebec and was may not the public opinion poll taken by the CTV network that showed 42% of Canadians were ready to "support the use of military force in suppressing any future attempt of any province to separate from Canada"? Elsewhere this response is interpreted, there is little doubt that it was prompted by a strong feeling of anti nationalism in English Canada—the conviction that Quebec's search for self-determination would be allowed to destroy Confederation.

In the recent past our eyes have become expert in watching the increased violence of your society as approval that the reaction of most English Canadians was to channel the force of suppression rather than attempt to comprehend the frustration that allowed the FLQ to flourish in the first place. This may mean, whether you and I like it or not, that we are running out of options. But the personal separation of Quebec is no longer possible. Perhaps the choices have been reduced to keeping Quebec in Canada by force or working out some arrangement that would ease English Canada to recognize and deal for all the special character of your society, while at the same time proving to Quebec that a united Canada is your

best partner for the long-term survival of the French province in this context. No one can validly predict the outcome of the current ferment, but whether Quebec's nationalism will be strong enough to contain the growing power of the citizens will depend on an increasing display, on the attitude of English Canadians. This comes to the heart of our dilemma. There must be an alternative to Pierre Vallières' dark prophesy: "There will be no articles, but there will be war." By time it emerges and if you see any long-term prospects for an amicable settlement you must answer more specific terms than our before, not the heavy old question "What does Quebec want?" but rather "What does Quebec want to do?"

What are the most important reasons you have given from the FLQ crisis, and what concrete efforts do you advocate for the immediate future? I do not observe any political stance that the better light on Quebec independence will come about by these different factions within Quebec, rather than between French and English Canadians. Do you agree? And, if so, do you share the view of University of Toronto Professor Gad Horowitz who wrote recently in *The Canadian Forum* that "The Prime Minister of Canada is the leader of one of the largest and most important public opinion polls being by the CTV network that showed 42% of Canadians were ready to 'support the use of military force in suppressing any future attempt of any province to separate from Canada'." Elsewhere this response is interpreted, there is little doubt that it was prompted by a strong feeling of anti nationalism in English Canada—the conviction that Quebec's search for self-determination would be allowed to destroy Confederation.

The understanding of both our long-term interests demands answers to these questions. The responsible presence of men through history has always been marked by periods of transition that have altered society's values. The only way to overcome the subtle and violent separation that has sprung up in Quebec during the past decade is to promote a self-conscious unity of interests and goals common to all Canadians. This is a reasonable force in human affairs, in politics is everything. So tell me, if you can, what arguments we can build against the advanced freedom of revolution which are threatening to engulf us all.

PETER C. NEWMAN

## Our rigid federal system will no longer work

continued from page 32 / systematically to Quebec's position. Quebec nationalism was used by the bourgeoisie as a convenient pretext for keeping the people in a state of tutelage. And, for so long the bourgeoisie controlled the government in its own interest.

Trudeau was, in the new terms of nationalism in Quebec, a representative of the old order. And he appeared ready for a fight to the finish but Trudeau is firing at the wrong target. What he has not understood is that the bourgeoisie, which he once so bitterly opposed, are now among his most ardent supporters. And the government, with whom he used to work, are now supplying the most dynamic elements to the situation that he is fighting today.

Under the direction of René Lévesque, nationalism has become a popular phenomenon. Under the direction of Trudeau, the Liberal system, on the contrary, has become more strongly identified with the business and professional bourgeoisie and with those groups among the masses least touched by political issues. Trudeau believes that Quebec should try to solve its present problems inside the actual federal system, but here he is taking a dangerous route. If the two-nation theory is false—and to me that is clearly the case—there can be no coming to grips with our problems inside the federal system, especially one not using the rigid lines laid down by Trudeau.

This is why I think the federal system today makes it very difficult, even impossible, to express the will of one of the two nations. The will of the anglophone nation is relatively easy to recognize. It emerges on fundamental questions in the same way, whether expressed in Ottawa or in the English provinces. But in the case of the francophone nation, there are always some signals and doubts as to what it wants. Who speaks in the name of Quebec during negotiations? A Quebec nationalist would answer immediately. "The leader of the Quebec government." But Trudeau could answer, and with some reason, "I also speak in the name of Quebec, perhaps even more so." This has become a sterile and tiresome game. The worst aspect is that it could go on for a very long time. As long as it lasts, the real issues of Quebec, that which comes from the government elected and directly controlled by Quebecers, is in danger (as has often been the case in the past

five years) of not being heard or of being cancelled out by the other voice, which is trying to partly in presence in Ottawa. This system, which has forced the francophone nation to negotiate with itself on fundamental questions in front of all English Canada (Johnston versus Trudeau), offers an interesting spectacle. But in terms of political realism it is a source of weakness and delay.

3. The federal system reduces Quebec to the position of a constant nag and a perpetual beggar. The present constitution allows an almost unrestricted control of the sphere of the federal government. Through such means it is spending power, the "peace order and good government" clause of the BNA Act, and its emergency powers, the central government can intervene in over-weak fields.

The English provinces usually accept these federal interventions with good grace, indeed, sometimes they invite them. Quebec, on the contrary, will very strongly resist. It would much rather put it in its own pocket and its own way the same of money that Ottawa appropriates for fields that should really come under Quebec's jurisdiction.

Quebec, in this context, appears in the eyes of the other provinces as the one holding up progress in the country. This creates insupportable tensions and means that energies that could be used for the benefit of Quebec are wasted on pointless sterile arguments.

3. The federal system puts Quebec in the unenviable position of having to negotiate most of the time against 10 others. On a question where Ottawa did not support Quebec's position, Trudeau, once thought he could counter-balance Jean-Jacques Bertrand by telling the latter bluntly: "Get the support of the other provinces and we will win." Trudeau was an easy victory before the TV cameras but he has realized that in reasoning that way he was showing how futile is the negotiating position of Quebec within the present political system. It raises issues the logic of the present 10 does not solve worse. But on fundamental questions, it is applied with political pressure sometimes, in Bourassa's refusal last February when the issues were social policy and the immediate demands for the constitution.

4. The federal system is now showing its inability to solve our problems. A balanced political system normally develops a vigorous and permanent opposition. By the free play of demo-

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polite competition, it risks possible the emergence of a real opposition to operate for power. But the Canadian system is more and more incapable of supporting a healthy opposition. One party has maintained itself in power almost continuously since the start of the century by its consummate skill in the art of playing on the wishes of the two sides without itself really recognizing the existence of each. Of the three opposition parties, two have no serious foundation in Quebec. The third is solidly rooted in Quebec, but has no significant presence in the rest of the country. In Quebec, this phenomenon will be clearly visible in the next election. Trudeau will win a crushing triumph, but it will be a pyrrhic victory, because it will be merely due to the fact that thousands of Quebecers have lost interest in fighting in that arena.

There has been speculation with the victory of Robert Bourassa in 1970. And yet an important element of Bourassa's message has been neglected. His campaign slogan of federalism. But the sort of federalism he defended can hardly be reassuring to the rest of Canada, nor is it likely to last very long. Bourassa has become the champion of a federalism based on fiscal advantage. He told Quebecers: "Elect me and I'll prove to you that federalism will bring you dollars and tangible advantages."

If I were an English Canadian, I would be horrified and shocked at such an argument. I would see in it the expression of weak support for the real values of federalism. I would also see the half-digested expression of an unhealthy ambition to get fat at my expense. What Bourassa was saying last spring, a colleague of his said later to Robert McKenna of the Toronto Star: "I am interested in Canada strictly for practical reasons. As soon as I get out of Quebec, I am no longer at home."

What English Canada must realize is that, even among its Quebec liberal defenders, federalism is not an object of great veneration. Some are trying to sell it because of its supposed economic advantages. If ever it were proved that these advantages are not as significant as claimed and that the costs are potentially more onerous, what would be left of such a fragile argument? Pierre Trudeau should at least be given credit for bringing the debate to a higher level, his strength lies in federalism is argued as part of his sympathy for the cause of federalism.

All this, dear Peter, brings us back

to fundamental questions. John Turner was right last October to speak of "an erosion of the popular will in Quebec." But the erosion seen by the federal government was not the right one. There was never an erosion in the sense that Quebec was on the brink of seceding and intractable. A much deeper, completely democratic erosion was under way and seems to have spread due to the October crisis. This erosion of the popular will is the one that shows in the disaffection of a growing number of Quebecers with the federal system.

One Quebecer in three has already opted out, and the number of people who doubt or who want to keep their options open is considerable.

How do we get out of this situation? I don't know any more than you. But I am certain that problems such as unemployment and regional disparities could aggravate the crisis. However, it won't be sufficient, from the federal point of view, just to clear up these problems. The moves are too fundamental. We will have to recognize clearly the national implications of the crisis.

For the short term, I have only one solution to propose. In the face of the new climate of Quebec nationalism, English Canada has gone back to the old formula. It hoped, at the point out, that a French-Canadian Prime Minister, strong and resolute in standing up to Quebec nationalism,

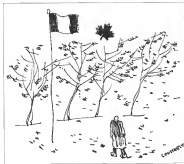
would be the answer. We are starting to see that this solution has not worked. Separatism has never made such strides and continues to move back in constant in Quebec as since Trudeau came to power. English Canada would be much wiser to look to the government of Quebec as the real counterpart of the French-Canadian will, a government seen not through some temporary vocalization of Robert Bourassa but through a constant thread expressed in the major constitutional documents since 1966. There will be found the essential elements, not necessarily of a solution, but for real negotiation. Until these are examined and accepted, no solution will be possible.

Hard negotiations that might even end in failure would be preferable to the slowing erosion that has prevailed over the past few years which only increases the tension.

Tomorrow, or today, Montreal will be only 350 miles from Toronto. Then we will have French and English exchanging ticks by wire exchanging goods, services and ideas depending on each other in many ways.

The scenarios chosen to further these exchanges must be based on the needs and the spirit of two nations, not just one. You tell me that I am trying to square the circle. I answer you that outside of this approach I cannot see a future for Canada based on peace, liberty and friendship.

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## FILMS BY JOHN HOFSESS

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the *Danceuses* begins in a fast hurry. "And they lived at the bottom of the world."

"What did they live on?" and *Allice*, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on trout," said the *Danceuses*, after thinking a moment or two.

"They couldn't have done that," you know," *Allice* gently remarked, "they would have been ill."

"So they were," said the *Danceuses*, "very ill."

Low Carroll's *Danceuses* never finished his tale about the trout eaters. Unable to envision a stoned age such as our own he had no idea that one day trout would become an addition. Gail and Wanda, a company that customarily dials for oil, struck pay dirt at the bottom of a trout well this year with *Love Story*. In many-a movie-to-movie-land, the phenomenal success of *Love Story* counts us in at least two years' supply of sweet nothing. With many Hollywood studios on the edge of bankruptcy (too many Chevy Chase, Chevy Chase, and Dr. Doolittle that don't belong), *Love Story* has been nothing so the more heartwarming sweet noise Cecil B. DeMille got religion.

The revival of romanticism, like any style in fashion, is brought about largely by people without taste. From politics to clothing style, pop music to movies, the governing principle of their lives is novelty and speed. What something is now it's a "look," a few months later it's a "ding." Merit means nothing. The fact that *Love Story* is the most popular soundtrack of the year in Canada and most western countries (with more than 10 million copies of Irish Steel's book in print and box office gross comparable to *The Godfather*) is meaningless, because it's destined to go on up on the pop-culture post bag along with bulk books, Johnny Ray records and copies of *The Search For Brady Murphy*. The most popular fads are usually, and predictably, the least influential.

Film companies today are like clothing designers, determined to follow something off on the public but unsure about whether to make it head-on or hot pants. We've extended the concept of dynamic disorientation from the outer world of objects and possessions to the inner world of ideas and values, sufficient unto this life is the worst threat.

Thinking by trends is usually thinking at all. Millions of us tried to see Woodstock and the virtue of free rock music. Few films in recent years have been more profitable or made a more masterful use of new film technology, yet Woodstock's message was anti-materialistic and anti-sensory. It encouraged Rousseau's "noble savage" (who has had more short-lived immortality in the past two centuries than

Count Dracula) in bell-bottom jeans and sandals, talking in the language of peace signs. That 400,000 kids survived a three-day goodwill revolution without violent incident proves as much about human nature as Eugene O'Neill would for the same number of hours. In *Guns of Shiloh*, the Mayhew brothers and Charlotte Zwerin's denizens post-Woodstock pay festival documentary, we witness the Rolling Stones' Almost Eaten! (couldn't just sample for the purpose of making a profitable movie) during which four people were killed, one of them murdered on camera by Bill's Angels. You pay to see the Woodstock dream and agree to see the Almost nightmare. You're hyped and unhelped — and billed both ways. You have nothing to lose but credibility.

The Woodstock-Almost phenomenon is just one example of how profitable it is for movies to show hot and cold. For a little, sensation-seeking audience. Fast as you can change a record *Let It Be* becomes *Let It Be...There*. There is always a public ready to swing from one extreme to another. A year ago they endorsed *Mean*, *Porcyny's Complaint* and *Trademark's* *Identity*. They're *No No Name*, *Love Story* and the *War Machine* Act.

A public that lives only in the present moment of television, movies and pop music becomes increasingly manipulable. Midwestern children, by concentrating exclusively on the electronic media, are subjecting themselves to a cultural laboratory. First is the repository, then the audience, and a little can make subtle and complex distortions of thought. When the medical-of-the-moment fell in some new style is "revolutionary" we have three options: we can believe or

MAN  
CANNOT  
LIVE  
BY  
TREACLE  
ALONE



define on the basis of faith, or we can use the alienation of the historical perspective of literature. We may find that the so-called revolution is just a tedious revival of old errors, and that knowledge may come in a vicious circle of nihilistic nihilism and bitter disillusion.

In George Santayana's words, "those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it." In Stanley Kubrick's 1959, *A Space Odyssey*, we are shown three stages in the evolution of intelligence — ape, man, computer — but all our intelligence is left. Kubrick first presents a break in the chain of predators, a "star child," a being beyond violence. 2001 is a purposeful fantasy meant to raise our sights about human potentialities. *Love Story*, on the other hand, is a pessimistic fantasy with nothing enabling or thought-provoking to say about love and marriage. Most relationships that fall do so as a result of miscommunication, their preference is largely self-imposed. In *Love Story* there is no romance, but no tragic error — and that is a subtle myth to millions of people who know that things have gone wrong in their own lives but don't really want to know why, people who read texts without depression, suffering without pain, happily without the shock of recognition.

Film-making is an act of dismissing our load. We can create dreams that strengthen us, pillars of a philosophy and desirable future. Or we can use them (or be used by them) in a debilitating manner, evading life, hiding ourselves, and chasing in a sentimental past that never existed. We can fly in the moon or merely to the moon. A ticket at the box office is like a vote is an election: the public casts its ballot and gets the movies it deserves. A vote for *Love Story* is a vote for mediocrity and the Americanization of our culture, strictly for two-time losers. ■

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**THE TRAVELERS**



# MUSIC

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

Jerry Lee Lewis was very big in 1957 and the Elvis Presley and Elvis Costello Club, he might have been a big star still — if he hadn't married his boss player's daughter. He was 22 years old. She was 13. Such marriages were not uncommon in the hillbilly country where Jerry Lee Lewis grew up, but in the big cities where he made his living teenagers obtained Pat Boone became out of respect for the sanctity of marriage he refused to kiss his leading ladies on the screen. When the kids learned about Jerry Lee Lewis's marriage they began yelling insults such as "Go home, woman, baby waitin'," and by 1958 he was nowhere.

I remember the incident well because Jerry Lee Lewis was then one of my three favorite rock stars (Cliff Permain and Chuck Berry were the other two). I was 14, a member of the white-sport-coat-and-a-gate-canadian gentlemen to whom puberty happened at about the time Elvis Presley was inventing rock'n'roll in a Sun Records echo chamber in Memphis. It was unfair, I thought, marrying young Myrna didn't alter all, change her way. Jerry Lee Lewis sang and played the piano.

In pop music I learned, there are always older considerations. Some things just aren't done. In Jerry Lee Lewis's day marrying a 13-year-old girl (who some said was his cousin) was one of them. It would be equally unusual today to see, for example, an ex-wife come on stage as a character-building experience. Pop music always sings with the times, and this is no time, friends, for hubbub or bottle biceps. Maybe next year.

As kids we had heard about pagoda, but it was years later when I began reviewing pop music for a daily newspaper that I learned about another of these other considerations: corruption. Oh, nothing serious. Nothing, certainly, that could ruin the Mafia. Once pagodas who play concerts in private for a price of the season, pop-music columnists who make a few bucks on the side as emcees, managers who get girls to scream themselves silly for the price of a free ticket — that kind of thing. RPM is a Canadian trade magazine, recently published an essay by a Canadian critic on the subject of "hope" (celebs in otherwise and apparently known in the trade as "grasses"). The days are long gone, he wrote "when an almost could rock it strictly on the strength of the musical performance there." hype has been removed over the years to the point where the record industry could not continue to evolve without it. See what I mean?

Pop music has changed since the sock-top days of my youth. It's not as innocent and sometimes I wonder if it's as much fun. Then again, it isn't as supplemented or as silly or as exclusively pelvic-directed as it was then. I'm as big a fan today as I ever was — but, more knowledgeable about all those other considerations I'm a more wary fan. The only

today, I've learned, is the music. To paraphrase Flip Wilson, what you hear is what you get. Everything else is irrelevant.

Including nationalism. That would have scored a point-free observation in 1957 when virtually all our pop music was imported. But that, too, has changed. The Canadian Radio-Television Commission forced stellar Canadian content quotas on the country's broadcast stations this year, and it has created such a demand for Canadian music that our broadcast recording industry is suddenly opening its studio doors wide to anyone who can hit O Canada. It's a nice change, for too many years the Jon Mitchell and Neil Young of this country have followed their careers across the border and then, there being no reason to return, have forgotten the very back that the CRCTC wasn't thinking only of the arts and the industry. There was something more for the rest of us, too — the hope that creating opportunities for Canadian musicians would encourage the expression in music of the things that make our culture distinct from, say, American culture. I recall Richard Goodstein, the celebrated American pop-music critic, expressing amazement at the poor reception given Quebec rock star Robert Charlebois at the Toronto Pop Festival in 1969. "How much you [Canadians] clap your hands, run over an album business from Texas [Johnny Winter] and tap politely when your own music comes on? How come you treat an artist like a patriot and an artist like a foreigner?" The answer is simple. We haven't produced enough Canadian originals to be able to tell the difference.

It wasn't for nothing that CRCTC president Pierre Bouché was recently named the Canadian music industry's man of

the year. Bouché is housing, friends to friends and the CRCTC, and all of us can be grateful for the results. Besides Anne Murray, who couldn't be more popular if he married Bobby Orr (I can see the Prime Minister standing in the bathroom mirror, shivering and saying: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the youngest couple of these arts? And the name announcing: 'Sorry, Pierre, it's Anne and Bobby, now!') — besides Anne Murray, the successes and record stores are full of Bruce Cockburn, Dickey (about whom more below), Brent Tilton, David Wilton, Lighthouse, Ross Brem, and Yoko Lark to mention only my favorites; you may include The Guess Who, Nashamouth, Gene MacLellan, the Perth County Conspiracy, Cliffhanger Beverly Glenn Copeland, Russell Thorndike, Twisted, The Scarpeans, The Delta, Seal River, Crowbar, The Original Cast and on and on.

I am a nationalist and, given the realities of our shared ancestry of this continent with the United States, I believe in the CRCTC's Canadian content quotas — just as I believe in the Canada Film Development Corporation and government support for Canadian publishing. And yet I said nationalism was one of those irrelevant and irrelevant considerations. What I meant was simply that. If you like Anne Murray, I hope you like her not because she's Canadian but because she's good.

**Fraser & Delbon With the Gunther** (Columbia/CMS11). The show is country-style folk but the attack is breathtakingly original. Alan Fraser and Dorey Delbon, who sing and play guitar, and Ian Gunther, who plays viola, have stuck cowboy music into the contemporary and taught a how to think. It's too far out to be the most popular Canadian recording of the year, but it could be one of the most important. ■



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# BOOKS

BY  
DONALD CAMERON

**T**ake heart, take heart! There is cause to rejoice. Forget, just briefly, politics, the F.R.Q. races, inflation, unemployment and other things that go bump in the night. Even in 1971 some good things still happen. For instance, Duddy Kravitz is back.

Now a Toronto wilderness, Duddy is fatigued, looking grey at the prospect of his second year at the University of Toronto. Duddy's *Woman*, however, belongs to his classmate Isaac Fleisher's Fiddie High. Jake Herbl, now a London film and TV director on trial for "raze, sodom and shoving sodomy, and possession of cannabis." The trial is, Jake thinks, his "accusation," the fall-out of his "Jewish nightmare," his "good revenge on him for having success, three good looks, beautiful Nancy." There's food in the larder, wine in the pantry, money in the bank. His wife is the woman he wants. He enjoys the children.

Jake feels guilty. Worse yet, nervous. "From the beginning, he had expected the outer, brutalized world to arrive on their little one, inflated with love but ultimately self-serving and succeeded by money. The tension was deprived. Tenderness, in one house, he had come to first, was no more possible, with-out corruption than socialism in a single country. And so, from the earliest, halcyon days with Nancy, he had accepted the coming of the candidate."

It's a different Mordecai Richler. Oh, the fatal talent is still with us, better than ever, lacking off Jake's British lawyer, a somewhat K.C. playwright in Toronto, an American investigative officer, a London literary agent. Oh, indeed, an English dinner. "A gloomy substance in which thousands of clouds of meat and water and blasted ocean floated."

And yet, yes, the Dickinson grotesques are there, too the far-swinging border in law who constantly photographs Harrold's quiet men's room; the widow who enters every conceivable conversation, Jake's aunt, old Hanna, feverishly seeking, year after year, her runaway son Joey, the Mordecai of the title. Among them Jake himself, obsessed with the Mordecai and the Nazis. Obsessed with his own health, his inevitable death. Obsessed by his nightmare.

But Jake is a likable protagonist, an immensely vulnerable human being. And *Saint Urbain's Mordecai* is Richler's most eloquent and open novel, a better, drier and poignant view of what it means to be a man now, in a world where hatreds say what Germans used to, where a man finds himself becoming his father, a world that questions Jake between "the old and restless have-everything and the young know-nothing." Yet everyone gets his things, even Uncle Abe, QC, partly pillar of the Montreal Jewish community. Jake remains the spokesman of the Kerenky generation. "What he stands for, he believes," would not fire the courtly-side decency, fol-

lance, honor." Jake Herbl is — oh, horrors! — a liberal. He is also a Canadian becoming aware of what self-degradation has cost him. Leaving Canada years ago, Jake and his good friend Luke Scott, now a famous writer, had spent off derisory comments.

"I say! I say! What's happening in Toronto?"

"Dazzling things."

"And Montreal?"

"It's changing."

Luke Richler, Jake has found Canada useful as a topic that can be treated with wit and ignorance to produce hard cash. But now Jake feels "increasingly alarmed" by Canada and remembers his most recent advice with "a sense of loss, even deprivation and melancholy." He finds himself "forced to pay the price of the colonial come to the capital." As his father had blamed the *payor* for his own inadequacies, Jake recalls, "no Jake had foolishly held Canada culpable for all his ills."

Coming to London, finding it considerably less than excellent, he was at once depressed of this country blunder. "Pity poor Jake, losing his illusions with his hair, down it but to his accounting by the ministrations of Harry Kane, accountant (certainly), photographer, parent, a wiser little Cooksey, tough, unscrupulous and a bit loopy. In some ways Harry, like the Mordecai Joey, is the Jewish Fiddie, the man who tells the unpleasant truth. But Harry, too, is human. "You don't understand," he cries to Jake. "I'm not getting enough of anything, don't you see? And none of the things I want, I'm already too old to enjoy."

Those moments of candor — new to Richler — reveal the man's strength and honesty. Behind the soft surface in Richler there has always been a frustrated idealist. If God weren't dead, Jake remarks, it would be necessary to bring him back to see the people behind his grotesques. Richler has freed himself to write an absolutely superb novel. The novel said a word against Nancy, "protest Jake's mother." And it's best that you never die," Jake replies, "because I love her. And so long as the love me, I cannot be totally dead."

Love. Saint Urbain's Mordecai is about the closeness of love and its fragility. Perhaps its most heartbreaking minutes occur when Jake confronts his mother's Duddy Kravitz about his wife Marlene.

"Daddy, why are you looking at her? She's not my mother." "What are you talking, she looks and will be changed, disappointed. "Who in the hell could love Duddy Kravitz?"

*Saint Urbain's Mordecai*, Mordecai Richler, McClelland & Stewart, \$7.95.

**The Climate Of Power**, by Irene Baird, Macmillan of Canada, \$6.95. A spare, intelligent novel about an Ottawa businessman, written by a woman who was herself a minor civil servant and knows intimately both the circumstances and the absurdities of the suburban life.

**The Party's Over**, by James Johnson, Longman Canada Limited, \$10. This party history of The Chef's last few days neatly proves that no book about John Diefenbaker can be completely uninteresting.

**Portrait Of Canada**, by Jay and Audrey Wile, McGraw-Hill \$9.50. A New York Times correspondent's article and sensitive assessment of a country he and his wife have learned to cherish: this volume is an excellent primer on Canada. ■

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